
VERA EFFIGIES IOANNIS GAMBLE PHILOMUSICI
Cr ass Sculpsit


VERA EFFIGIES IOANNIS GAMBLE PHILOMUSICI
Cr ass Sculpsit

AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES

For One, Two, and Three Voyces;

To be Sung either to the

THEORBO-LUTE or *BASSE-VIOL.*

Compoſed by JOHN GAMBLE.

Horat. Ode XI. lib. III.

Movit Amphion Lapides Canendo.

The Second Book.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid* for *Nathaniel Ekin* at the *Gun* in St. *Pauls Church-yard.* 1659.

To the Right Honourable *CHARLES CAVENDISH*, Viſcount *MANSFIELD.*

My Lord,



Know the little you have of Leiſure to be conſerned in Private Addreſſes: *But* Hecatombs *not alwayes ſo take up the* Altar, *but it may admit his* neceſſitous Devotion, *that can but* warm *it with a little* Frankincenſe. *I have therefore preſum'd (amongſt the* louder Solemnities) *to lay before you this* Sacrifice *of* Duty, *for the* Favours *(I have ſometimes received from your* Family) *exact the* Tribute *of all my Services.*

I have brought you (my Lord) a Variety *of* Voyces; *but all* Tun'd Uni-on *to implore your* Patronage: *If you vouchſafe them the* Honour *of* Protection, *they will not fear to fetch a* Pedigree *from Heaven, and find themſelves of* Kindred *with* Stars: *They are the* Younger Daughters *of* Muſick, *and may perhaps have an* Ayre *of the* Mother; *But however (my Lord) they are* Titled *as* Princeſſes, *they will not forget to* wait *your* Hand-mayds. *If I may have had* leſs Fortune *in* Choice, *I ſhall find a ſatisfaction in the* Endevour *of* Gratitude; *and I had rather be wanting in ſomething of* Circumſtance, *then not at all confeſs my* Acknowledgements.

Where theſe Compoſitions *appear not* Genuine, *they muſt not hope my* now Reconcilement; *the all that can contribute to their* Harmony, *is (my Lord) your* Voyce *in* Pardon *of*

Your Honours, with all obedience devoted Servant,

JOHN GAMBLE.

To his Good Friend Mr. JOHN GAMBLE on his

COMPOSITIONS.

I.

EAch Poet now to his own words
(With merit) Admiration brings,
And as thou doſt divide the Chords,
Is led thy Captive in the Strings:
Rapt with a Muſick more then dwels
In Numerous falling Syllables.

II.

He thinks his Sonnet now a Charm,
And that 'tis ſafe to ſhut the Ear;
But that he fears the greater harm
Would be, to be debarr'd to hear:
Then doth the Antick Proverb mock,
And *Syrens* find without a Rock.

III.

Sure Harmony thee through hath Lin'd
And all thy *Organs* doth inſpire;
That (*Inſtruments*) one way inclin'd,
Do from their Functions breath in Quire:
At leaſt thy Breſt hath Tuned been,
And all the *Fibra*'s Chime within.

ELDRED REVET.

To his Honeſt Friend and Old Acquaintance Mr. JOHN GAMBLE; upon his Muſical Compoſitions, on ſeveral Poems.

LEt the dull Drum and ſhril Fife ſilent be,
Whilſt we attend his Vocal Harmonie;
Where Word and Note in Complication roll,
Like twiſted Twylight, or the Senſe and Soul:
Here each inſinuating Note doth grow
One with the Word as waters mix and flow;
A well form'd freeborn Fancy may from hence
Hear the Word ſing, and every Note ſpeak ſenſe:
They both conſent as Lovers woo by winks
When thoughts agree, One ſpeaks what th' other thinks;
The ſliding Notes ſo intricately creep,
Some times you'd think, they howl, ſing, ſmile and weep:
The lineaments of Paſſions are here drawn
As viſibly as pictures behind lawn;
In theſe few Amorets is all compact
The Senſe can ſuffer, or the Soul can act:
The Ayre and language grow as much the ſame,
As ſeveral materials make one flame;
With ſo much aptitude and prompt connexion,
As red and white comply in a Complexion.

Love-Songs will make you ſigh when you come near 'em,
And Tavern Toyes make Creeples dance to hear 'em:
Where like ſome ſtraight, although indented border,
Each reeling Note doth ſtagger into order.

He that diſlikes this Piece, muſt (it appears)
Confeſs he wants both Intelect and Ears;
And may moſt properly be ranck'd with they
Who verily can neither Sing nor Say.

THOMAS JORDAN.

A DEFENCE FOR MUSICK.

In its Practique and Theorie, occaſioned upon the Publication of theſe Poems Compoſed by Mr. JOHN GAMBLE:

IMPLORATION.

EMpreſs of Order! Whoſe Eternal Arms
Put *Chaos* into *Concord*, by whoſe Charms
The *Cherubims* in *Anthems* clear, and Even,
Create a Conſort for the King of Heaven:
Inſpire me with thy Magick, that my Numbers
May rock the never-ſleeping Soul in ſlumbers;
Tune up my *Lyre*, that when I ſing thy Merits
My ſubdivided Notes may ſprinkle Spirits
Into my Auditoty, whileſt their fears
Suggeſt their Souls are ſallying through their Ears.
What Tropes, or Figures can thy Glories reach,
That art thy ſelf the ſplendor of all Speech?
Myſterious Muſick! he that doth thee right
Muſt ſhew thy Excellence by thy own Light:
Thy Purity muſt teach us how to Praiſe,
As men ſeek out the Sun with his own Rayes:
What Creature that hath being, life or ſenſe,
But wares the Badges of thy Influence?
Muſick is *Harmony*, whoſe Copious bounds
Is not confined onely unto Sounds:
'Tis the Eyes object, for (without Extortion)
It comprehends All things that have *Proportion*:
Muſick is *Concord*, and doth hold alluſion
With every thing that doth oppoſe Confuſion:
In Comely Architecture it may be
Known by the Name of *Uniformitie*;
Where *Piramids* to *Piramids* relate,
And the whole Fabrick doth Configurate
In perfectly proportion'd Creatures, we
Accept it by the title *Symmetrie.*
When many Men for ſome deſign Convent,
And all Concenter, It is call'd *Conſent*:
Where mutual Hearts in Sympathy do move
Some few embrace it in the Name of *Love*:

But

But when the Soul and Body do agree
To ſerve their God, it is Divinitie:
In all melodious *Compoſitions* we
Declare and know it to be *Symphonie*:
Where all the Parts in Complication roll,
And every one Contributes to the *Whole*:
He that can Set and Humour Notes aright
Will move the Soul to Sorrow, to Delight,
To Courage, Courtezie, to Conſolation;
To Love, to Gravity, to Contemplation:
It hath been known (by its myſterious motion)
To raiſe Repentance, and advance Devotion:
It works on all the faculties, and why
The very Soul it ſelf is *Harmony*:
Muſick! It is the breath of ſecond Birth,
The Saints imployment, and the Angels Mirth;
The Rhetorick of *Seraphins*, a Gem
In the King's Crown of new *Jeruſalem*;
They ſing Continually, the Expoſition
Muſt needs inferre, there is no Intermiſſion.
I hear ſome Men hate *Muſick*, let them ſhew
In Holy Writ what elſe the Angels do:
Then thoſe that do deſpiſe ſuch ſacred Mirth
Are neither fit for Heaven nor for Earth.

THOMAS JORDAN.

On the Excellent Compoſitions of his Good Friend
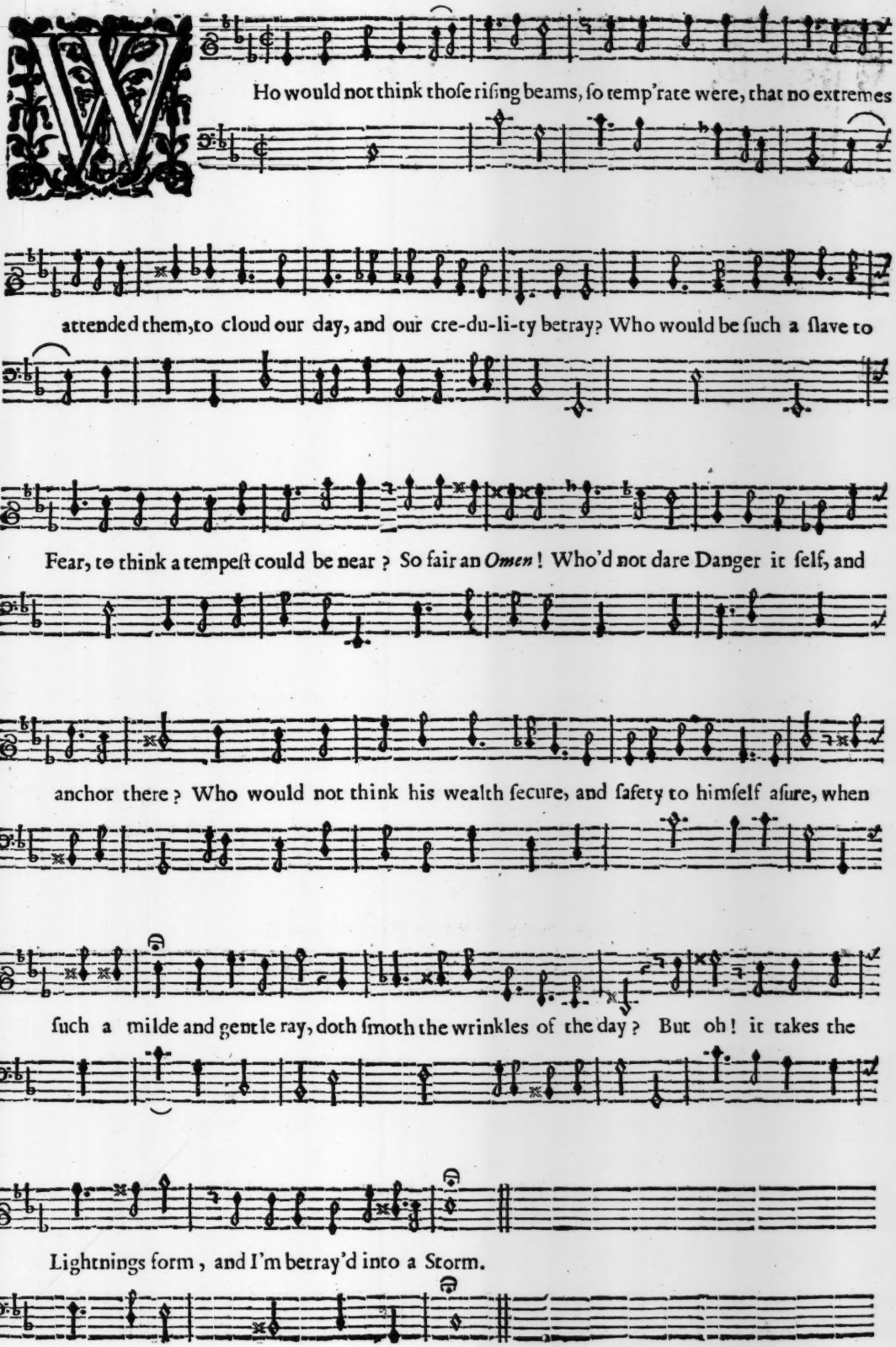
Mr. JOHN GAMBLE.

HOw are theſe *Lutes* ſcru'd up in every String,
And temper'd to our ready Fingering?
No Nerve is looſe here, nor no ſinew ſlack,
Nor any ſo ungently ſtretcht to crack:
Sure none could fit them to ſo juſt a Key
But *Phebus*, but the Nine would fit to Play:
Where all variety of Notes comply,
Lead in one ſilken thread of Harmony.

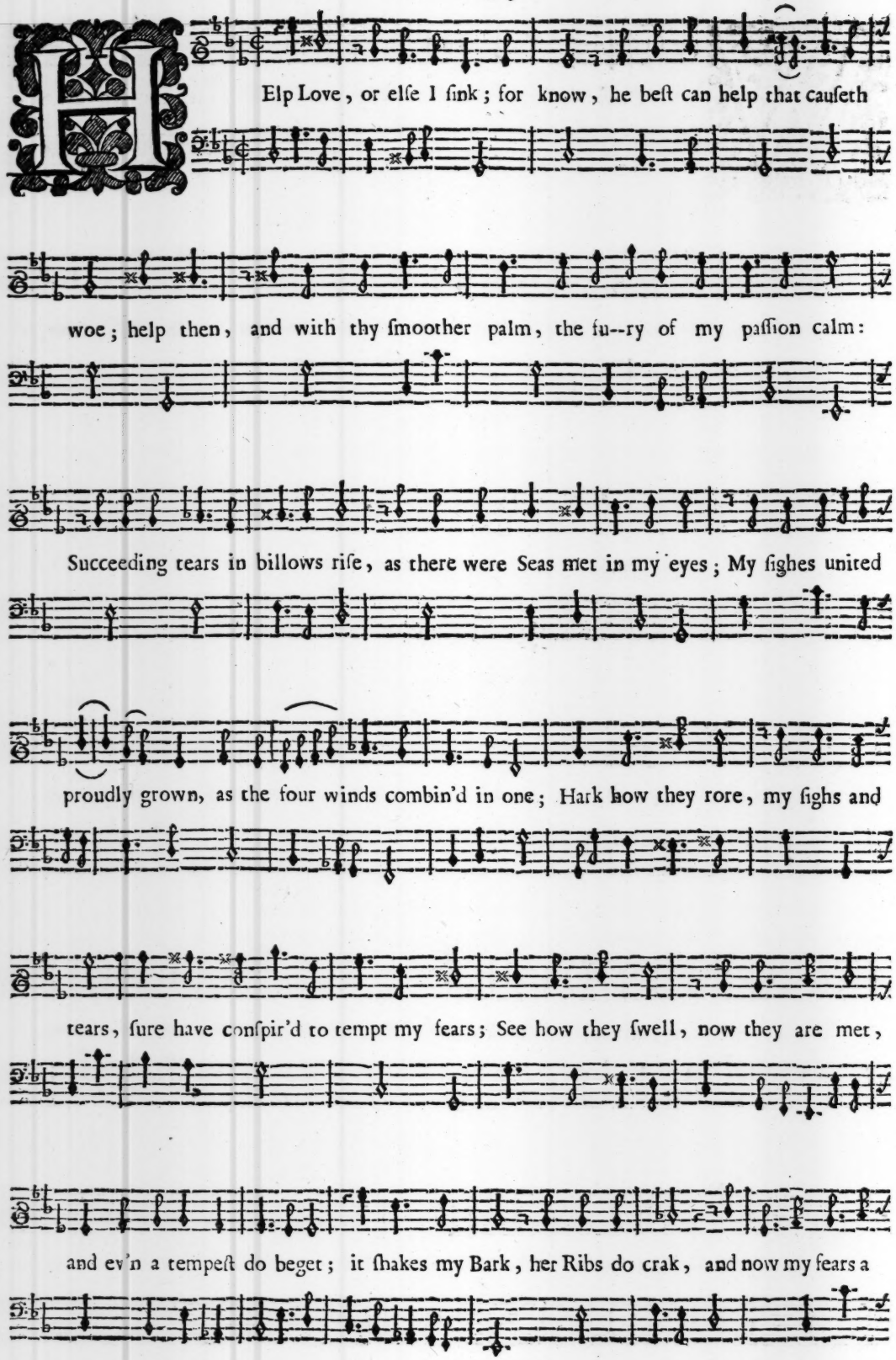
WILLIAM REVET.

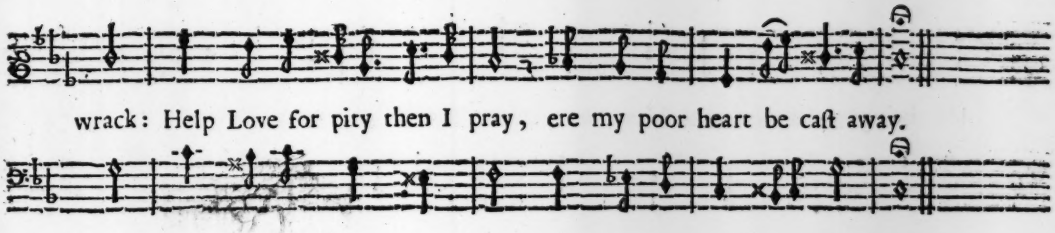
Who

A Smile.


Who would not think thoſe riſing beams, ſo temp'rate were, that no extremes
attended them, to cloud our day, and our cre-du-li-ty betray? Who would be ſuch a ſlave to
Fear, to think a tempeſt could be near? So fair an *Omen*! Who'd not dare Danger it ſelf, and
anchor there? Who would not think his wealth ſecure, and ſafety to himſelf aſure, when
ſuch a milde and gentle ray, doth ſmoth the wrinkles of the day? But oh! it takes the
Lightnings form, and I'm betray'd into a Storm.
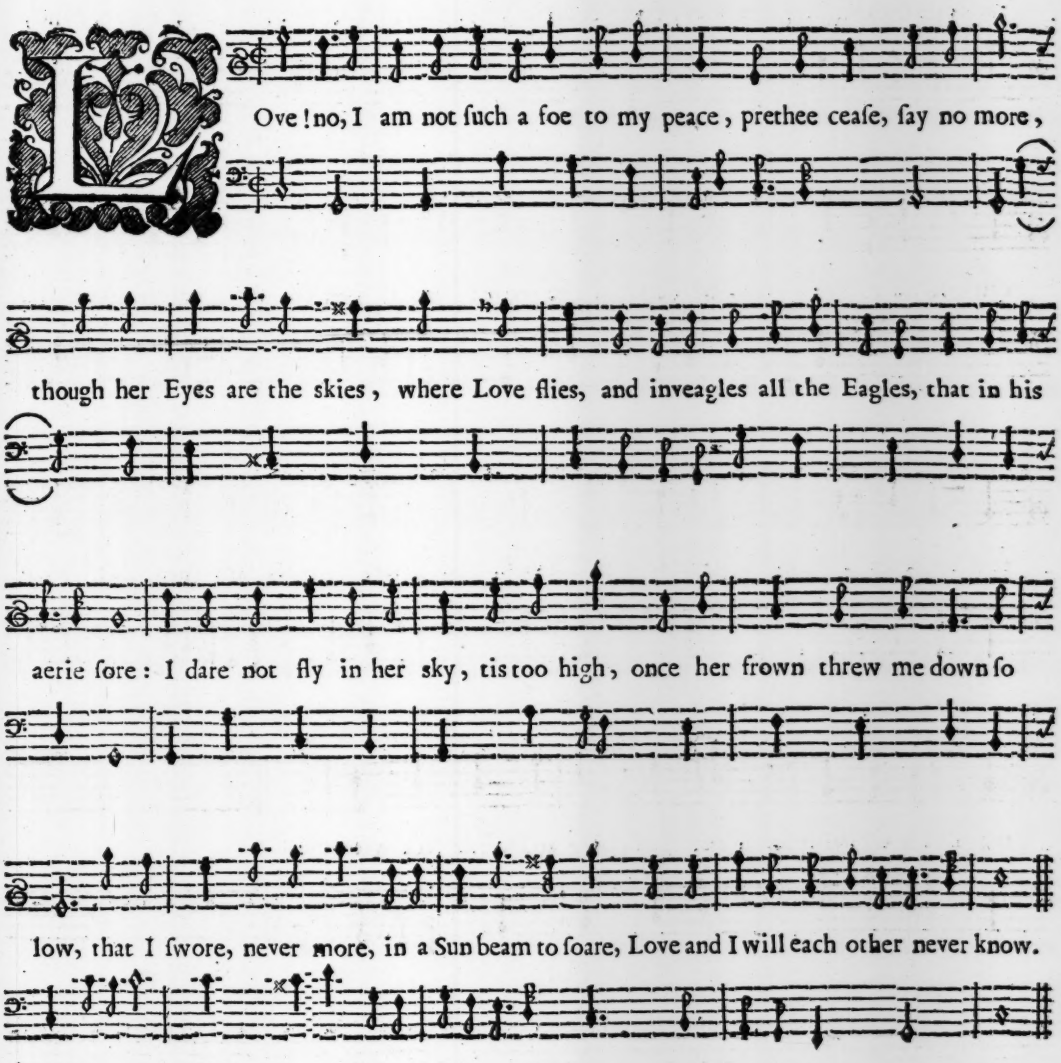
A Tempeſt.


Elp Love, or elſe I ſink; for know, he beſt can help that cauſeth
woe; help then, and with thy ſmoother palm, the fu--ry of my paſſion calm:
Succeeding tears in billows riſe, as there were Seas met in my eyes; My ſighes united
proudly grown, as the four winds combin'd in one; Hark how they rore, my ſighs and
tears, ſure have conſpir'd to tempt my fears; See how they ſwell, now they are met,
and ev'n a tempeſt do beget; it ſhakes my Bark, her Ribs do crak, and now my fears a



wrack: Help Love for pity then I pray, ere my poor heart be caſt away.

The Rebbel.



Ove! no, I am not ſuch a foe to my peace, prethee ceaſe, ſay no more,
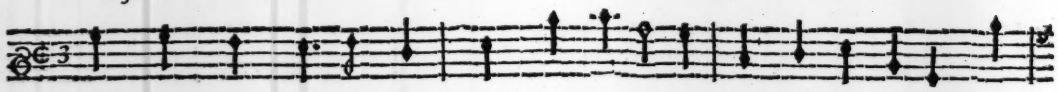
though her Eyes are the skies, where Love flies, and inveagles all the Eagles, that in his

aerie ſore: I dare not fly in her ſky, tis too high, once her frown threw me down ſo

low, that I ſwore, never more, in a Sun beam to ſoare, Love and I will each other never know.

[Turn over.]

2 *Verſ.*
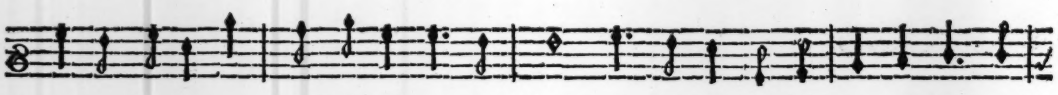


He brings ſuch woe with him, nought can exceed 'm; Souls do in ſorrow ſwim,





and tears do feed 'm; that every ſenſe is dim, to peace and freedome: Eye me, try me,



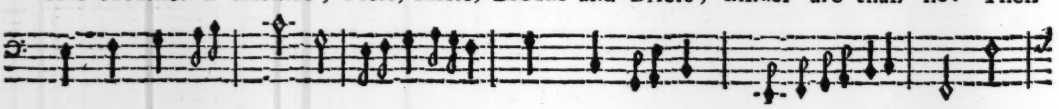


can you de-ny me? thus he betrayes the wiſe: But if you to his bow do bow, your





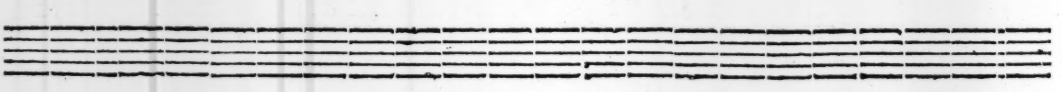
ſoul becomes a ſacrifice; Fiers, Miers, Brooks and Briers, kinder are than he: Then

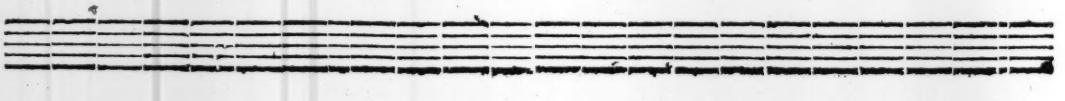




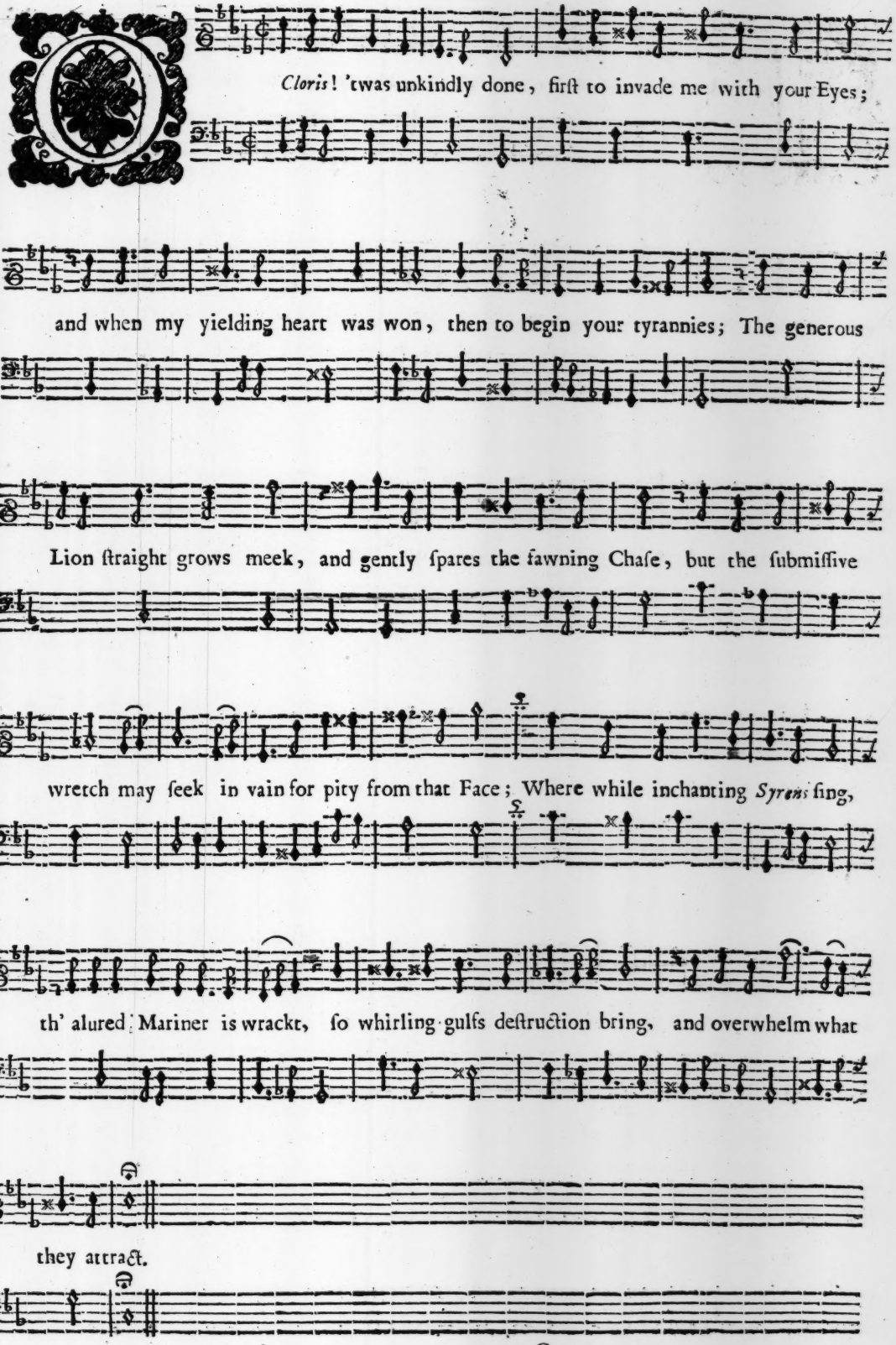
ſhake him off with ſcorn and ſcoff, ſing and drink ſack with me.



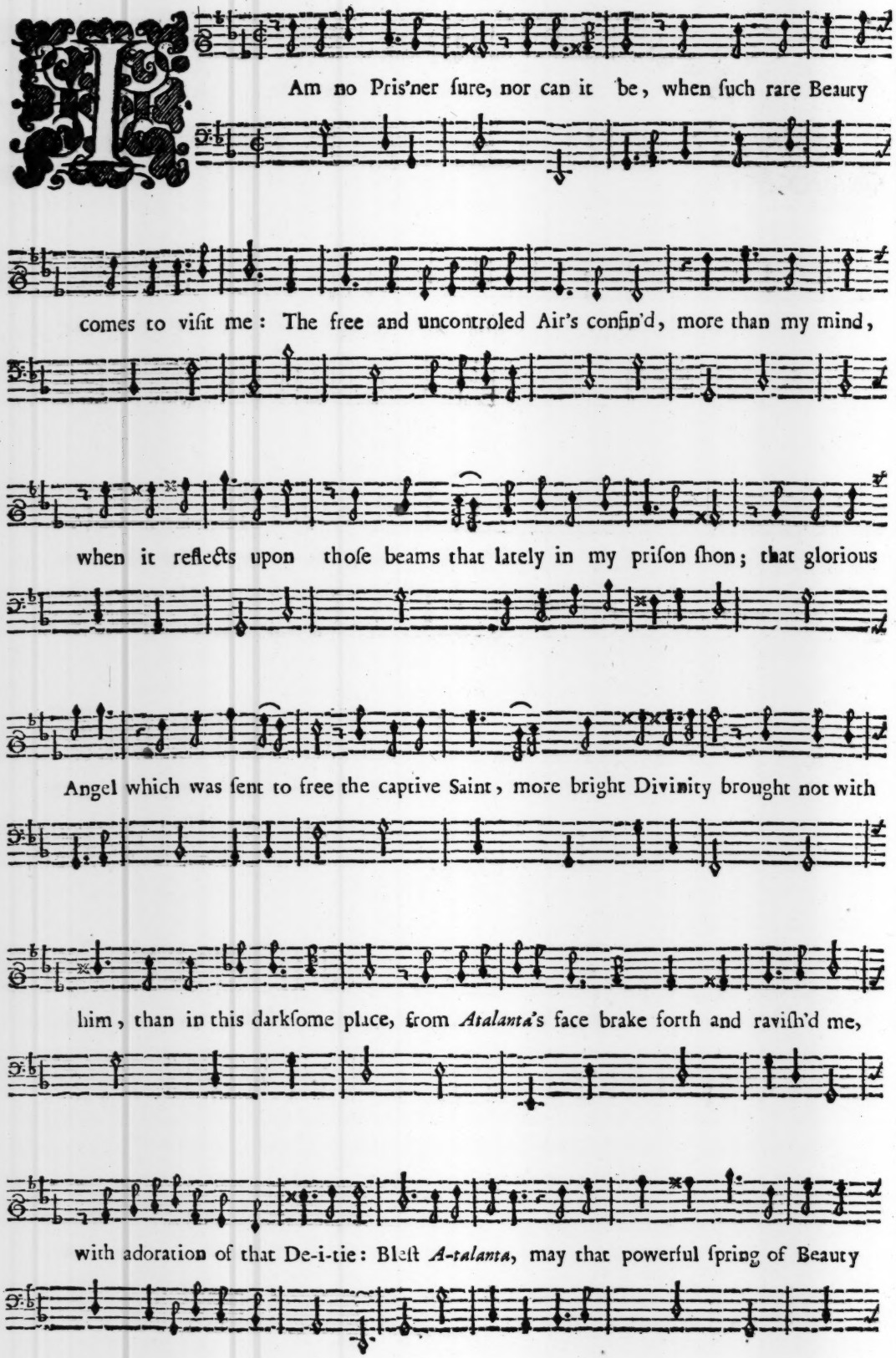




Love Surpris'd
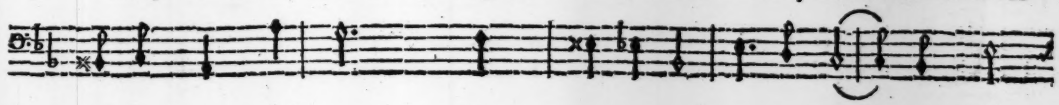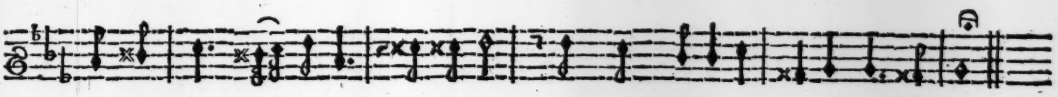


Admired Beauty.
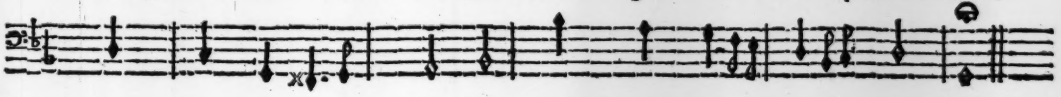




in thy Cheeks ne'r die, but bring thee more Idolaters: May the faction now ſee

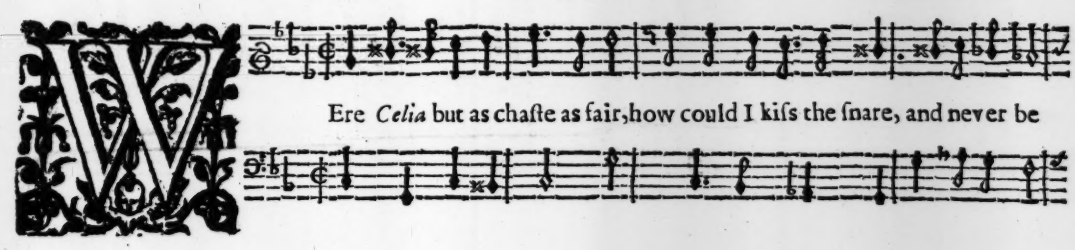




in thy Brow their errors, and repent, that thought it ſin to worſhip ſuch a Saint.



On Celia.



Ere *Celia* but as chaſte as fair, how could I kiſs the ſnare, and never be

weary of my Captivitie! But ſhe's a Whore that cools my blood; Oh that ſhe were leſs

handſome, or more good.
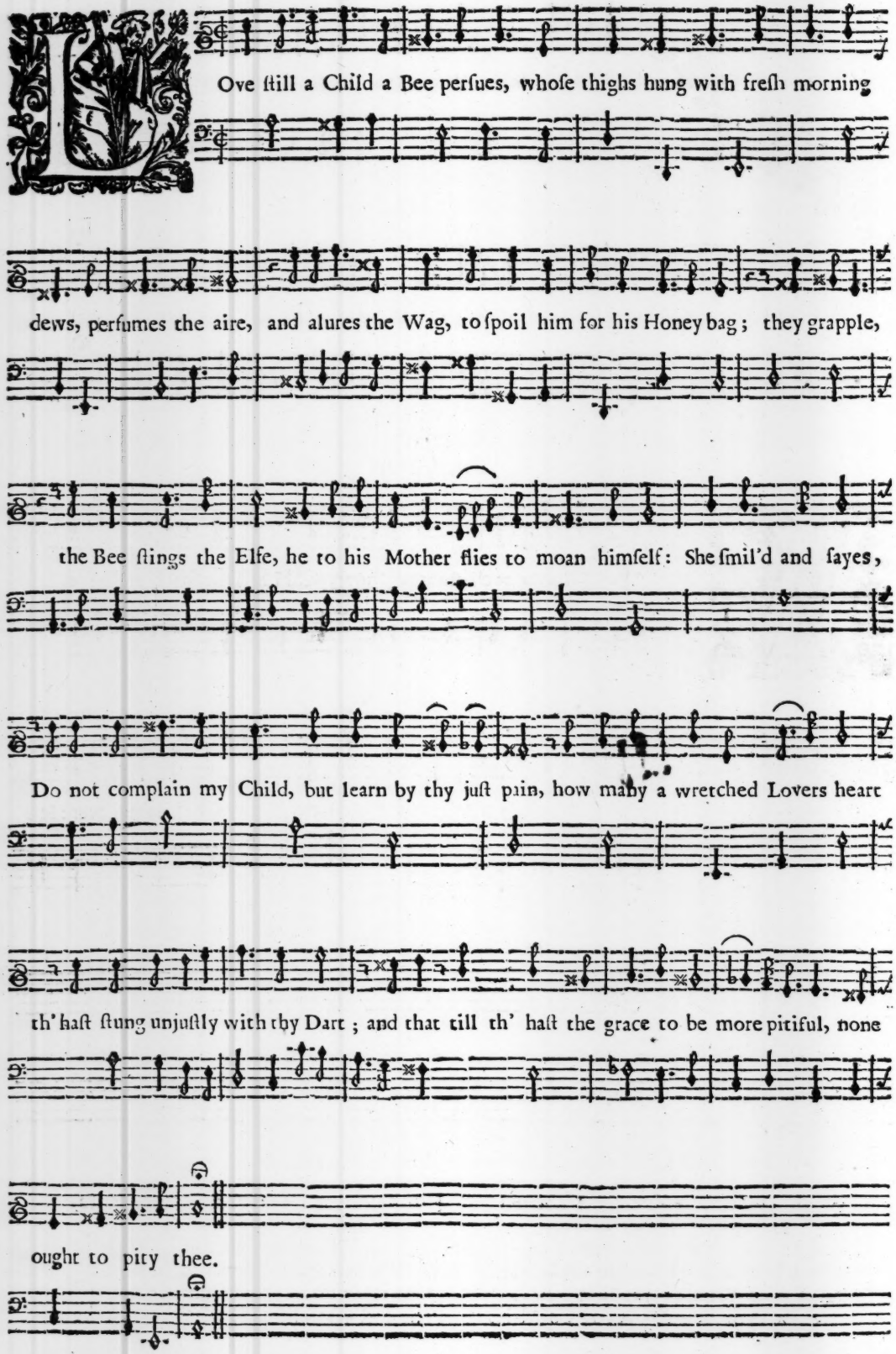
II.

Would you believe that there can reſt
Deceit within that Breaſt,
Or that thoſe Eyes
Which look like friends are onely ſpies:
But ſhe's a Whore; yet ſure I lie.
May not their be, degrees of Chaſtitie.

III.

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile,
But onely to beguile;
Thus did the firſt
Of Women make all men accurſt;
I for their ſakes give Women o're,
The firſt was falſe, the faireſt was a Whore.

Loves Theft.


Love ſtill a Child a Bee perſues, whoſe thighs hung with freſh morning
dews, perfumes the aire, and alures the Wag, to ſpoil him for his Honey bag; they grapple,
the Bee ſtings the Elfe, he to his Mother flies to moan himſelf: She ſmil'd and ſayes,
Do not complain my Child, but learn by thy juſt pain, how many a wretched Lovers heart
th' haſt ſtung unjuſtly with thy Dart; and that till th' haſt the grace to be more pitiful, none
ought to pity thee.

A Calme.



Eaſe Warring Thoughts, and let his Brain no more diſcord

entertain, but be ſmooth and calm again; Ye Chriſtal Rivers that are nigh, as your

Streams are paſſing by, teach your murmurs Harmony; Ye Winds that wait upon the
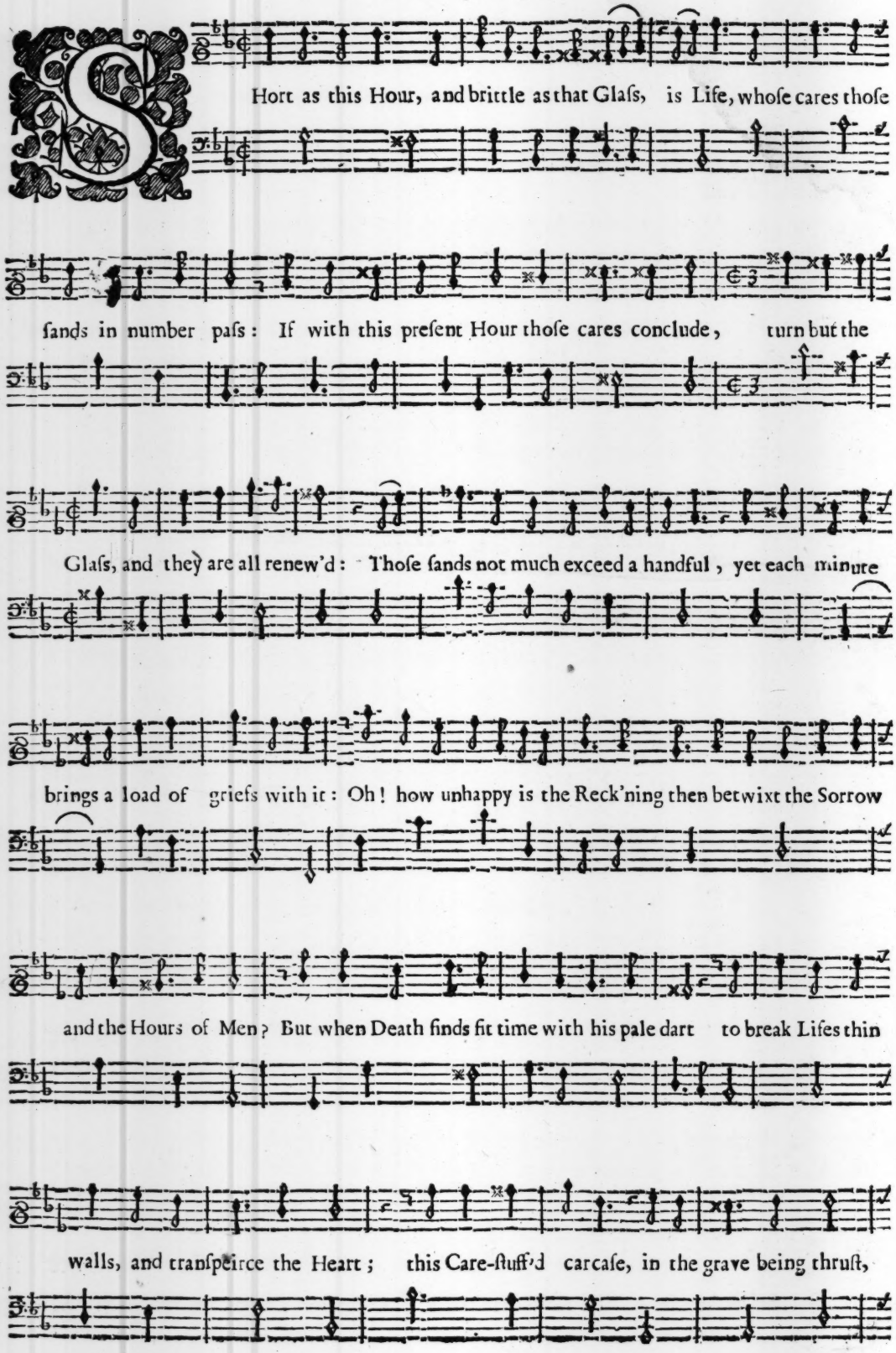
Spring, and perfumes to Flowers do bring, let your Amorous whiſpers here, breath ſoft

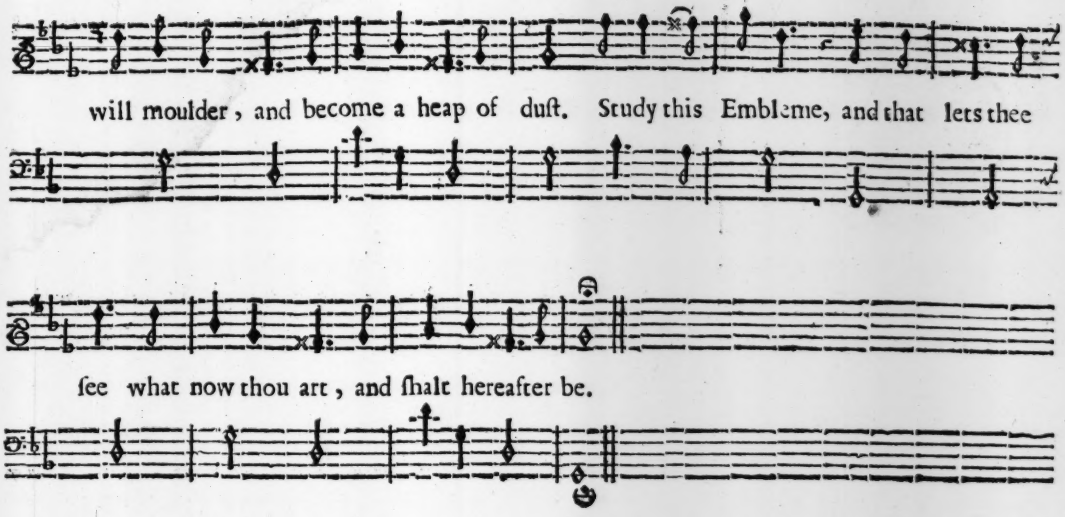
Muſick to his ear; Ye warbling Nightingals repair from every Wood to charm this

air; and with the wonders of your breſt, each ſtriving to excel the reſt, when it is
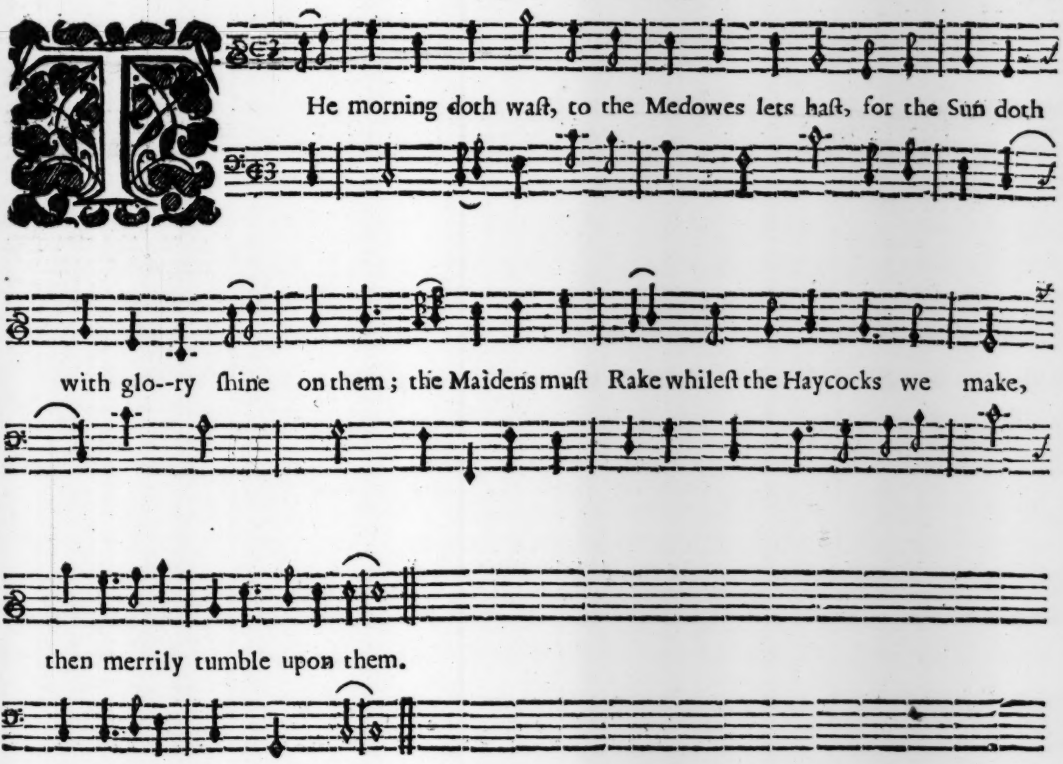
time to 'wake him, cloſe your Parts, and drop down from the Trees with broken hearts.

On Man's frailty.





The Haymaker's *Song.*



II.

The envy of Court
Ne'r aims at our ſport,
For we live both honeſt and meanly;
Their Ladies are Fine,
But to *Venus* encline,
And our Laſſes are harmleſs and cleanly.

III.

Then let us advance
Our ſelves in a dance,
And afterwards fall to our labour;
No meaſure ſo meet
Nor Muſick ſo ſweet,
To us as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Advice to Cloris.



Loris forbear a while, do not o're-joy me, urge not another ſmile

Loris forbear a while, *&c.*

leſt it deſtroy me: That Beauty pleaſeth moſt, and is beſt taking, which ſoon is

won, ſoon loſt, kind, yet forſaking: I love a Coming Lady, faith I do, but now and

then I'de have her ſcornful to.

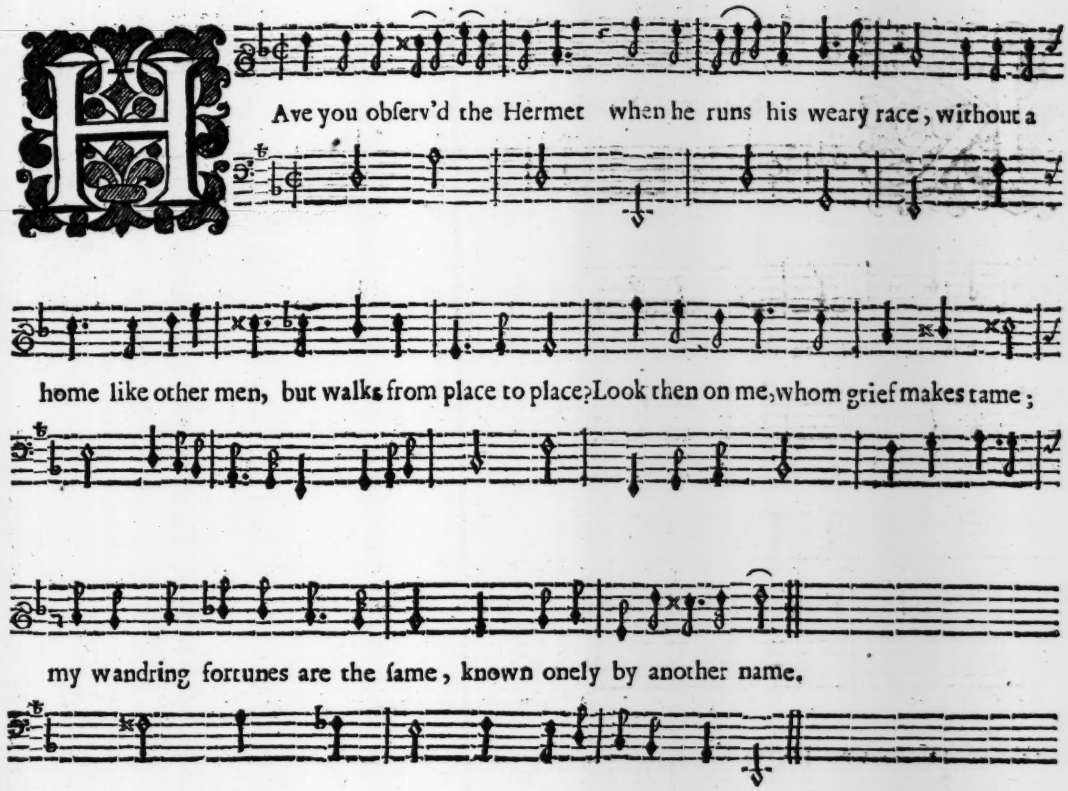
II.

O're-cloud thoſe Eyes of thine,
Boo-peep thy features,
Warm with an *April* ſhine,
Scorch not thy Creatures;
Still to diſplay thy ware,
Still to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling;
Diſdain begets a ſmile, ſcorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cauſe I would, and cannot, makes me try.

III.

Cloris I'de have thee wiſe
When Gallants view thee,
And Court do thou diſpiſe,
Fly thoſe purſue thee;
Faſts move an appetite,
Makes hunger greater;
Whoſe ſtinted of delight
Fals to't the better:
Be coy and kind by turns, be ſmooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

The Exile.



II.

Or have you ſeen a helpleſs man,
Purſu'd from Town to Town;
Whoſe guilt from honeſty began,
And loyalty to th' Crown?
'Mongſt untrod Thorns have you bin lead,
Or ſeen a tumbl'd Sick-mans Bed?
Such places for ſuch faults I tred.

III.

Like him that is confin'd to be,
Cloſe Priſoner all his dayes;
Or cloy'd with too much libertie,
Or baniſh't ſundry wayes:
Although my patience ſcorns to grutch,
Yet my intemperate ſtate is ſuch
Plagu'd with too little, or too much.
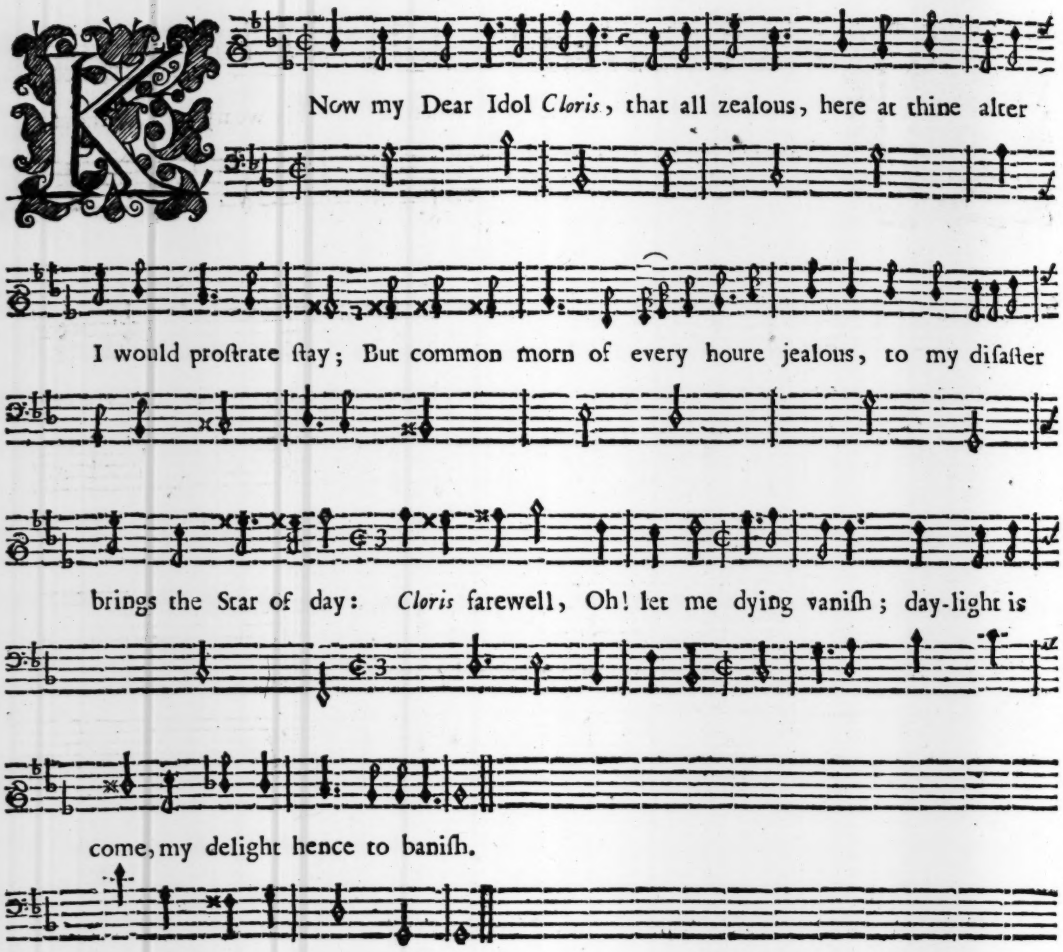
IV.

Have you beheld the ſick eſtate
Of ſeperated Doves?
So 'tis with mee, ſo with my Mate,
But crueller it proves:
Yet why ſo angry have I been,
Since in theſe latter dayes there's ſeen,
Such difference 'twixt the King and Queen.

V.

But ſince the Law alowes no Love,
And Tyranny ſo reigns,
We will implore the Powers above
To eaſe us of our pains:
Then let there be with one intent,
Petitions unto *Cupid* ſent;
Never to call a Parliament.

Loves Theft.



II.

Why with ſuch fi'ry ſpeed inceſſant driver,
Bring'ſt thou a light that obſcures Lovers Skyes,
Controul thy Race, keep back thy Beamie-Quiver,
What needs more day, then ſhoots from theſe fair Eyes.
Cloris farewell, *&c.*
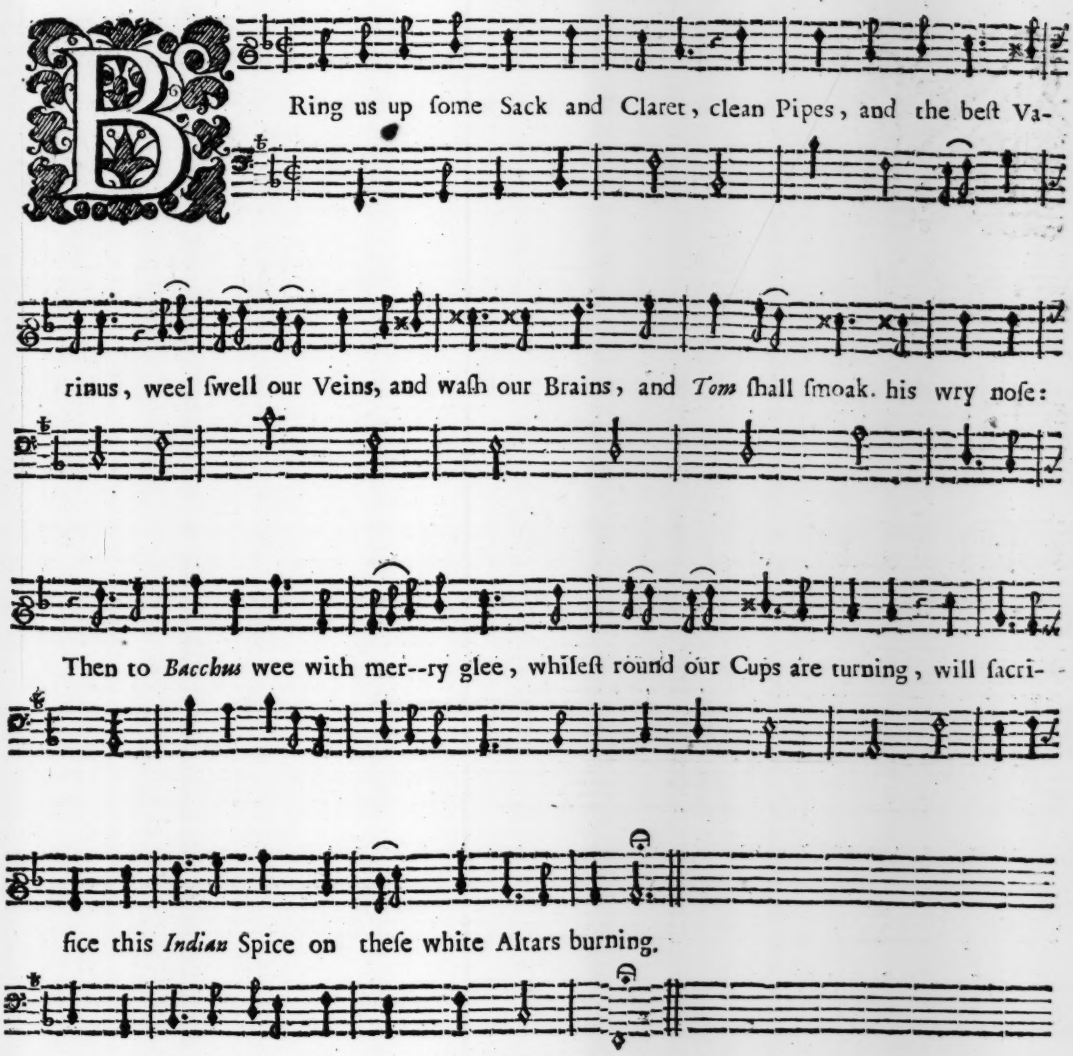
III.

Truſty Night that in favour of cloſe Lovers,
Friendly diſplayes thy ſecuring Veils,
Fright back pale Morn; tell her thy ſhady covers
Can light us back to Love's ſecret aſſails.
Cloris farewell, *&c.*

IV.

Can it be, ye gods, whom I importune,
That this dayes birth ſhould make Loves Morning dye?
And this firſt dawn of my yet tender fortune
Muſt it make wings, before fledg'd Night doth fly.
Cloris farewel, Oh! let me dying vaniſh,
Day-light is come, my delight hence to baniſh.
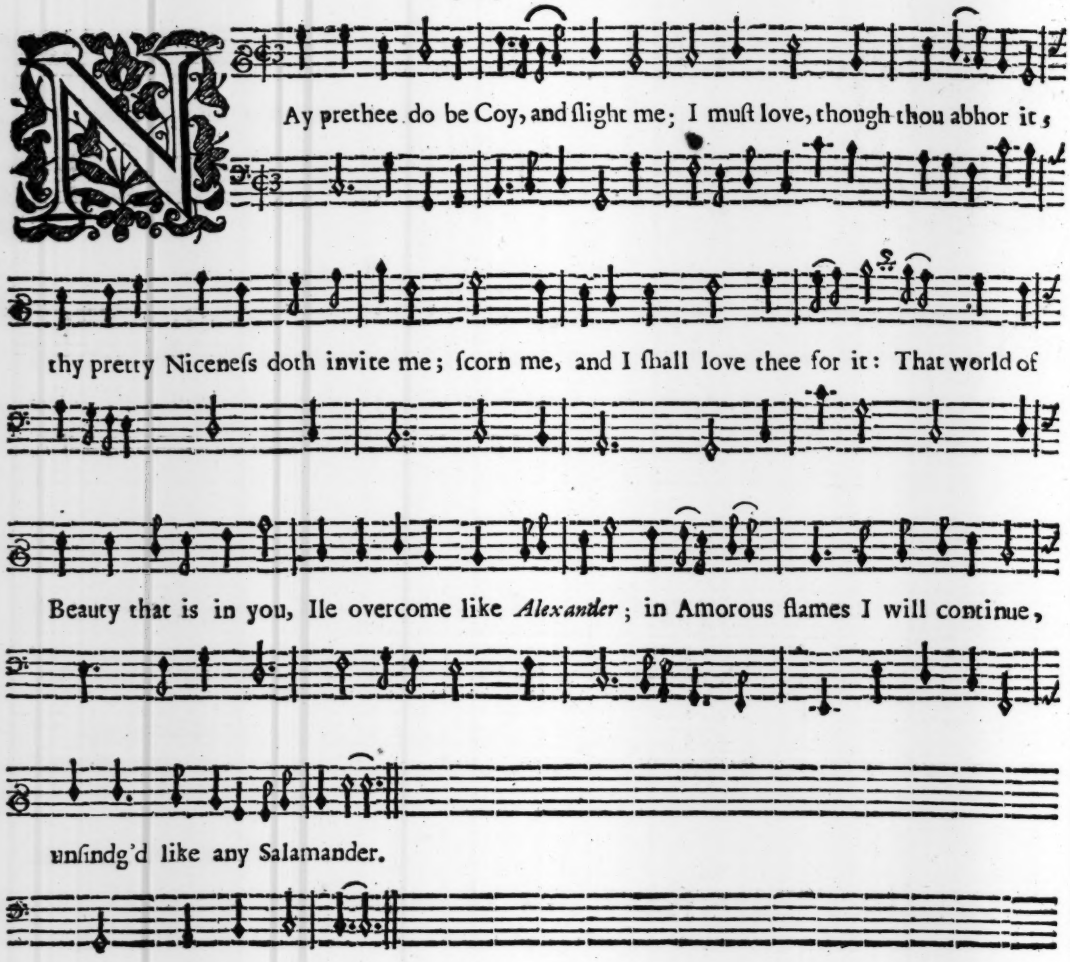
A Health to Bacchus.



II.

'Tis nought to Bleed to death Sir,
We'l therefore talk no treaſon;
But with this Proviſſion,
And Amunition,
Beat down the Fort of Reaſon:
Still will we drink,
Make our Arms cry clink,
Be free without Commanding;
Diſcharge the Can,
Till every man
Bid good-night too's Underſtanding.

Coyneſs in Love.



II.
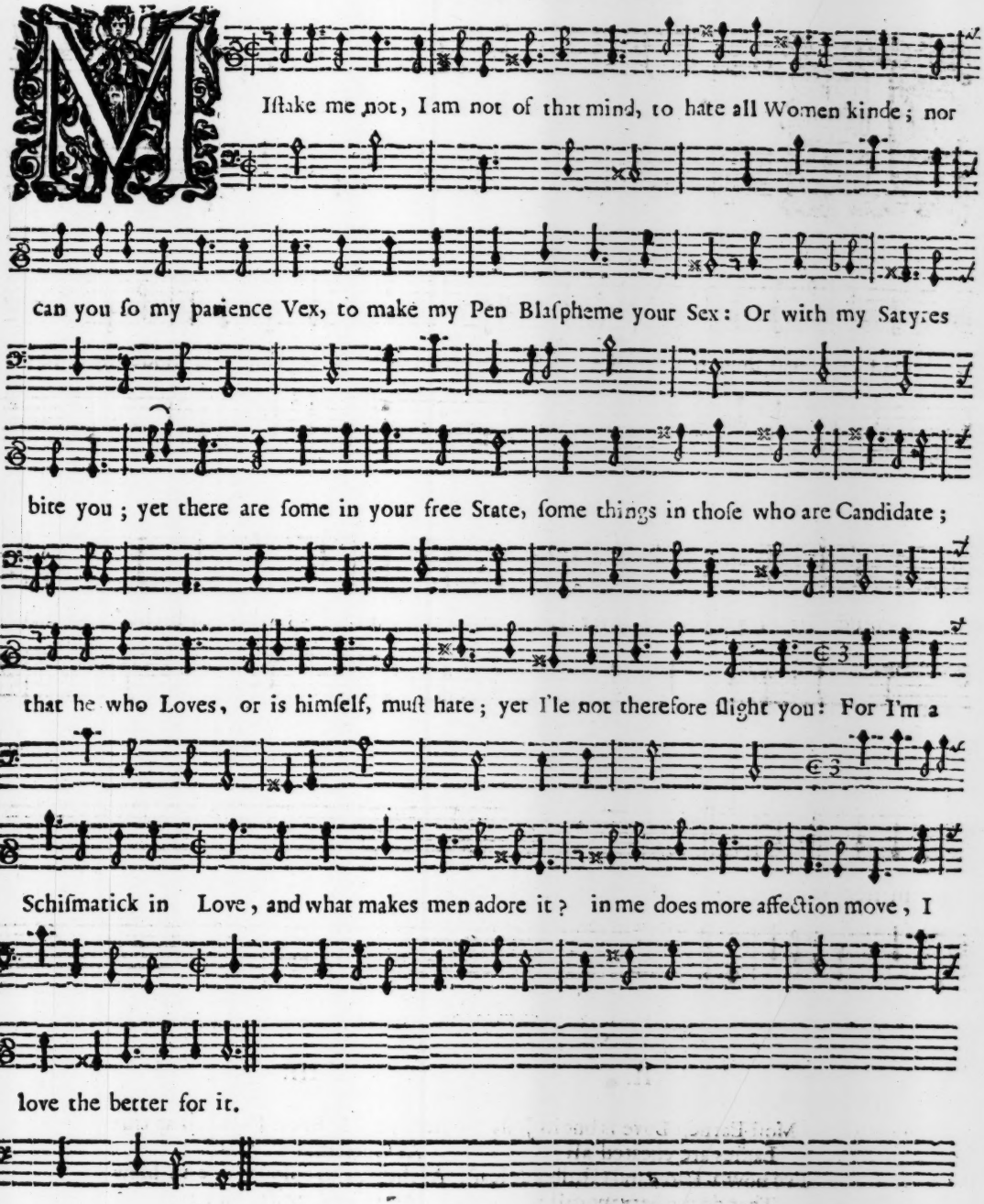
Do not be won too ſoon I prethee,
But let mee woe while thou do'ſt fly mee,
'Tis my delight to dally with thee,
I'le court thee ſtill if thoul't deny mee;
I've freſh ſupplyes on all occaſions
Of thoughts as various as your Face is;
No Directory for Evaſions,
Nor will I woe by Common-places.

III.

My hearts with Antidotes provided,
Nor will I dye when you frown on mee;
I'm merry when I am derided,
Now laugh at mee, I think 'tis on mee:
'Tis fancy only makes your pleaſures,
Nor have they being, but conceited;
And when we come to dig thoſe treaſures,
We ſee our ſelves, our ſelves have cheated.

Then if thour't minded to deſtroy me,
Love mee much, and love me ever;
I'le love the more, ſo thou may'ſt ſlay mee,
And I'm thy Martyr then or never.

A Schiſmatick *in Love.*
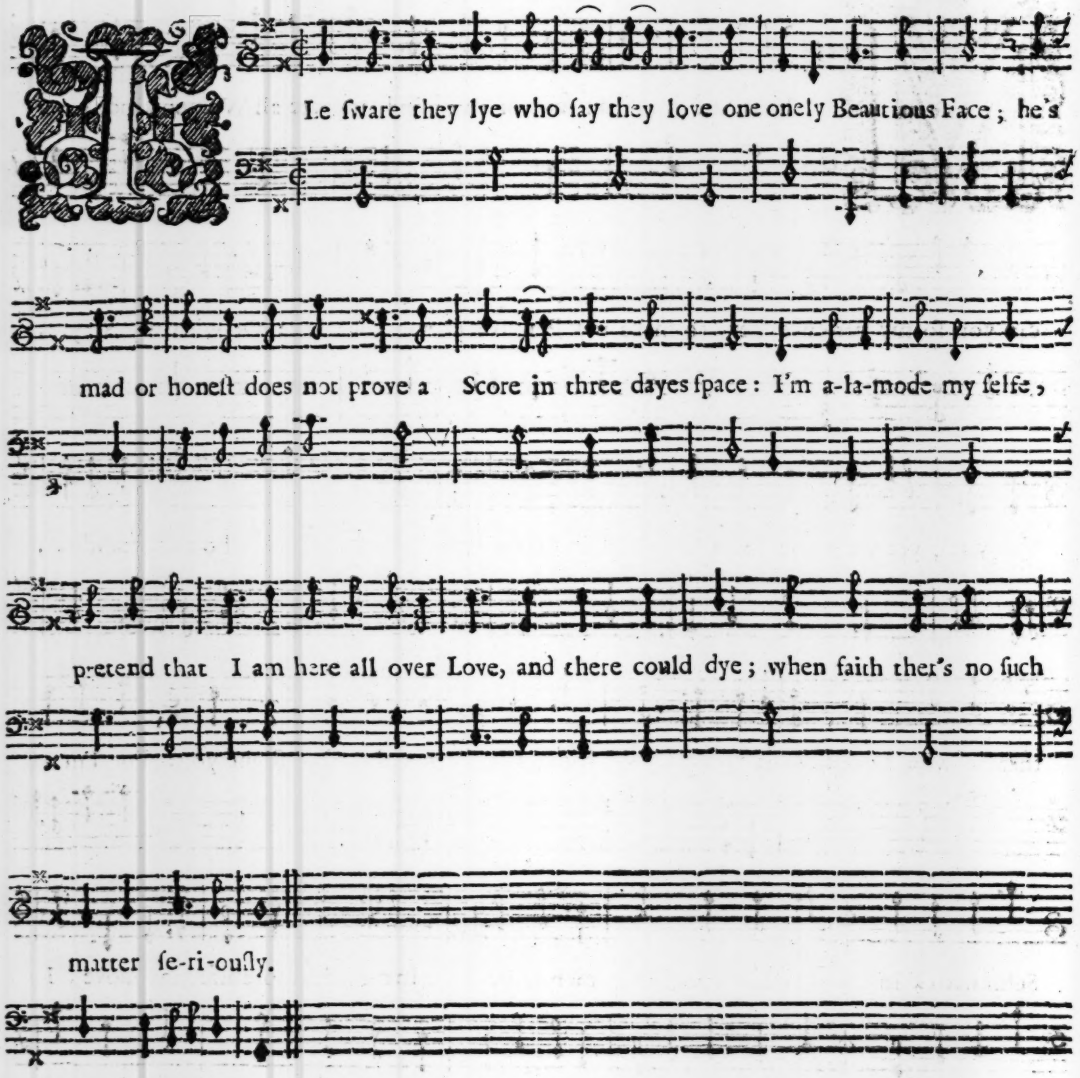


II.

I vow I am ſo far from loving none,
That I Love every one;
If Fair, or Neat, I muſt, if Brown ſhe be,
She's Lovely, and for ſympathie;
'Cauſe we're alike I love her:
If Tall, ſhe's Proper; and if Short,
She's humble, and I love her for't;
Small, Pretty; Fat is pleaſant; ev'ry Sort
Some gracefull good diſcover:
If Young, ſhe's plyant to the Sport,
And though her Viſage carry
Gray Hairs and wrinkles; yet I'le court,
And ſo turn Antiquary.

III.

Be her Hair Red, be her Lips Gray, or Blew,
Or any other hue;
Or has ſhe but the Ruins of a Noſe,
Or but Eye-ſockets, Ile Love thoſe;
Though Skales, not Skin doth cloath her;
Though from her Lungs, the Sent that comes
Does Rout her Teeth; out of her Gums
Ile count all thoſe for high Encomiums,
Nor will I therefore loath her;
There are no Rules for Beauty, but
'Tis as Fancy makes it,
Be you but kind, I'le ſay you're Fair,
And all for truth ſhall take it.

Love pretended.
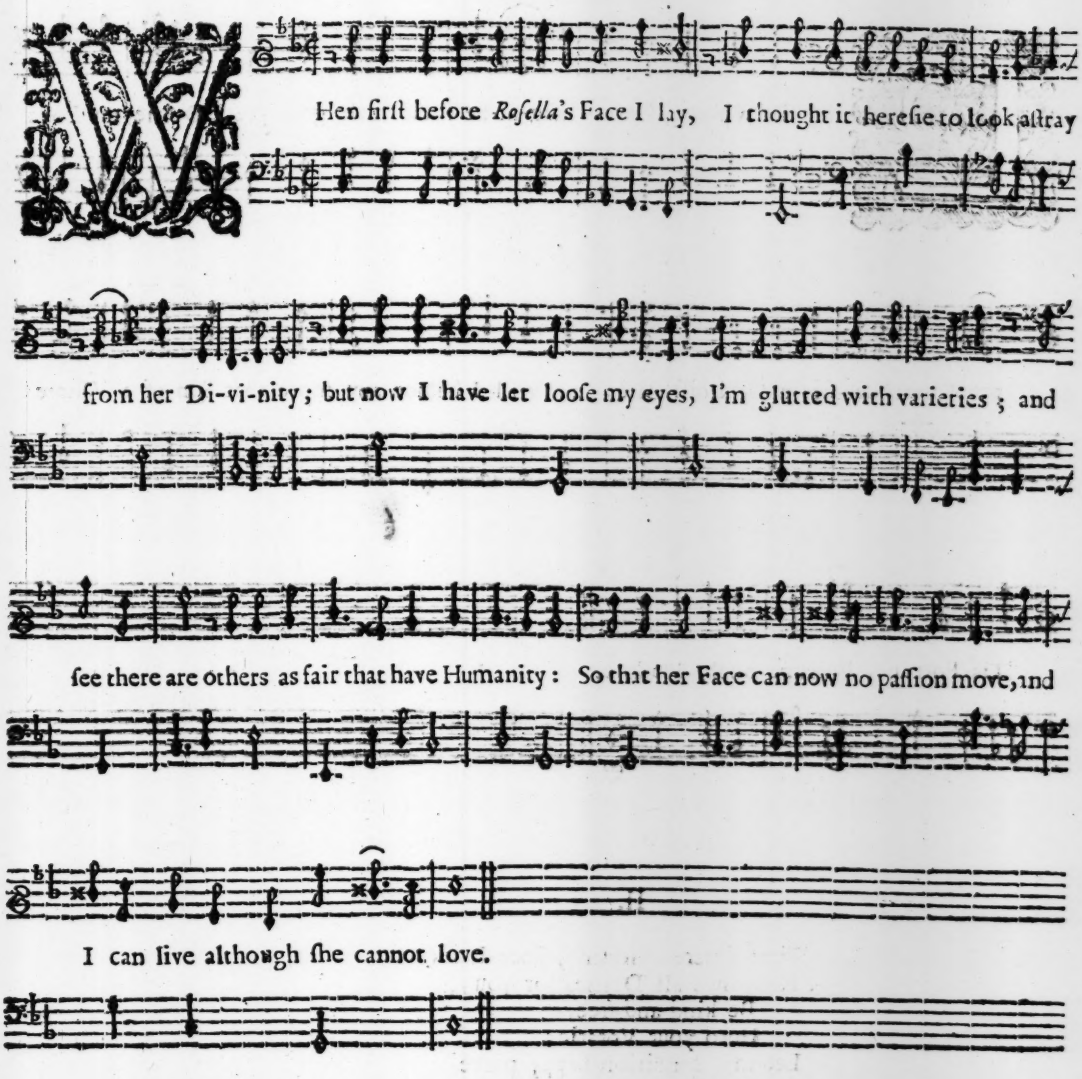


II.

Moſt Earneſt Love is but in Jeſt,
Ladies are cheated all;
I've now a Thouſand Girdles at leaſt,
That do me Servant call;
I've courted them alike, have vow'd and ſworn
My flames of Love for all did burn;
But moſt for her, who beſt will ſerve my turn.

III.

And yet I'le ſwear I've been as true,
As Conſtant every way;
As thoſe who colour for't in blew
And *Cupids* priſes play;
Shew me the Lad who beſt Love feats can do,
I'le do as much as him, perhaps more too;
Yet never Lov'd above an hour or two.

Love convinc'd.
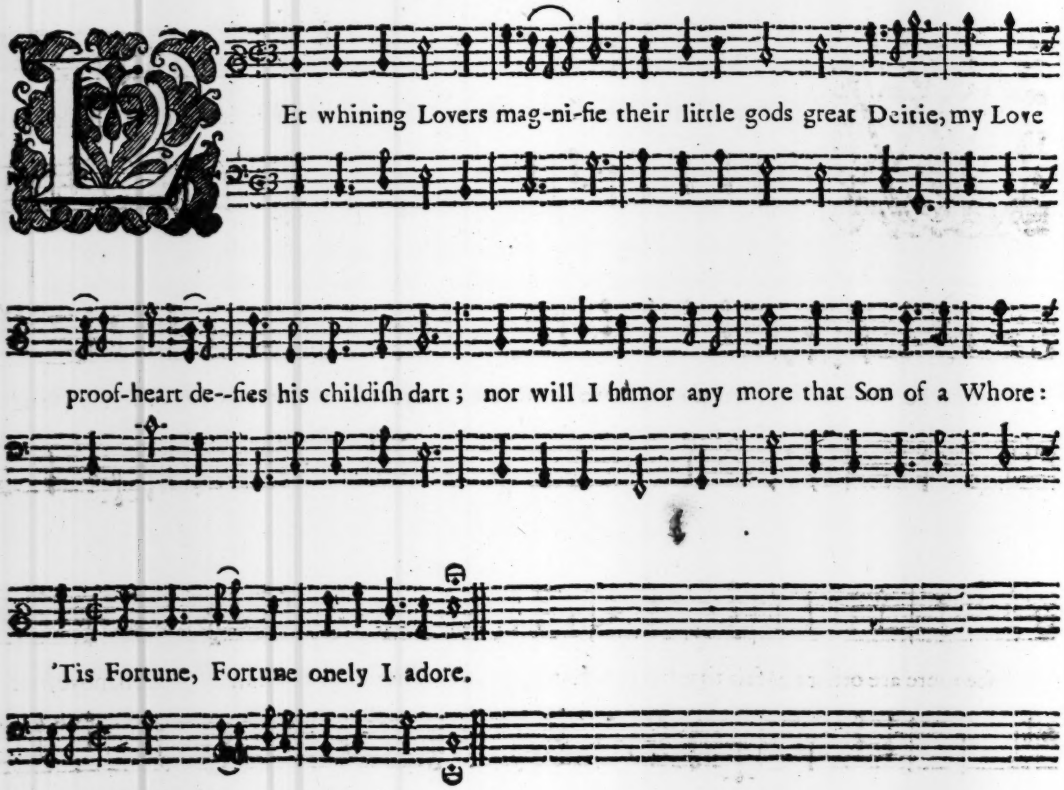


II.

That every Charter which hath given her power
To look upon two Servants in an hour
Doth grant the ſame to me;
Nature did many Beauties make,
That men may at their pleaſure take
And he that's wiſe
Will take his choice
In her whole Nurſeire;
As Women have the Freedome, ſo have we,
For *Cupid* hath his Equitie.

III.

Had I gaz'd on him ſtill as heretofore,
And made a Conſcience of Courting more,
How had I play'd the Sot,
I might have done as others do,
Received her Scorns and thank you too;
But now I ſee,
There are that be
Wretched, and know it not:
He that confines himſelf when he is Free,
Builds his own Jaol, and buyes his Slavery.

Fortune Adored.
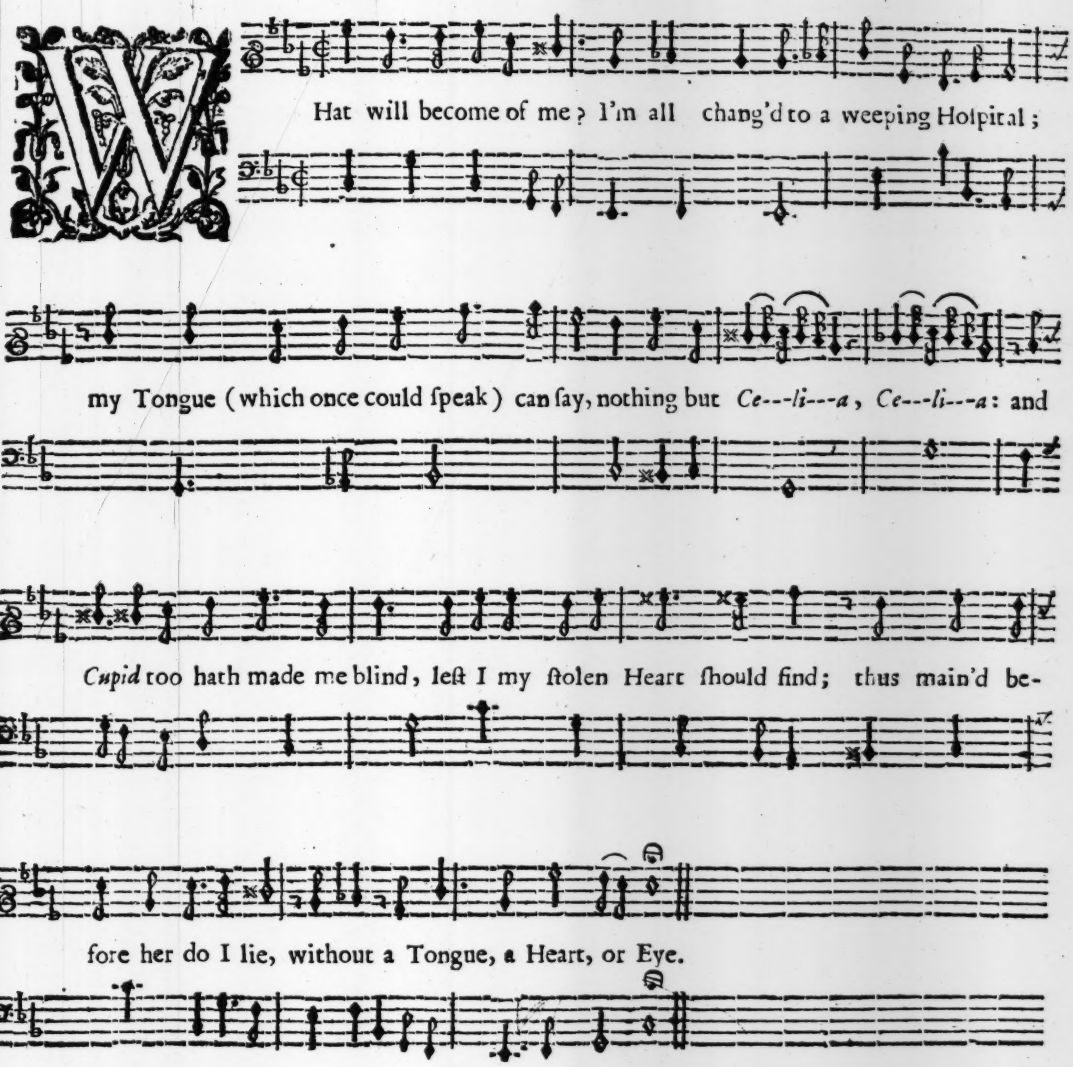


II.

Then (Sacred Godeſſe) ſince I do,
Renounce all Deities for you,
Be kind and free,
Unto your Votarie;
Let my condition happy prove,
And ſo much above
Men's pity, that it may their envy move.

III.

Or if I am decreed to be,
An Object of your Tyranie;
Let me not know,
What 'tis to Ebb and Flow:
Make me no more your Tennis-Ball,
But take away all,
That I may hope to riſe, not fear to fall

Loves Paſſion.



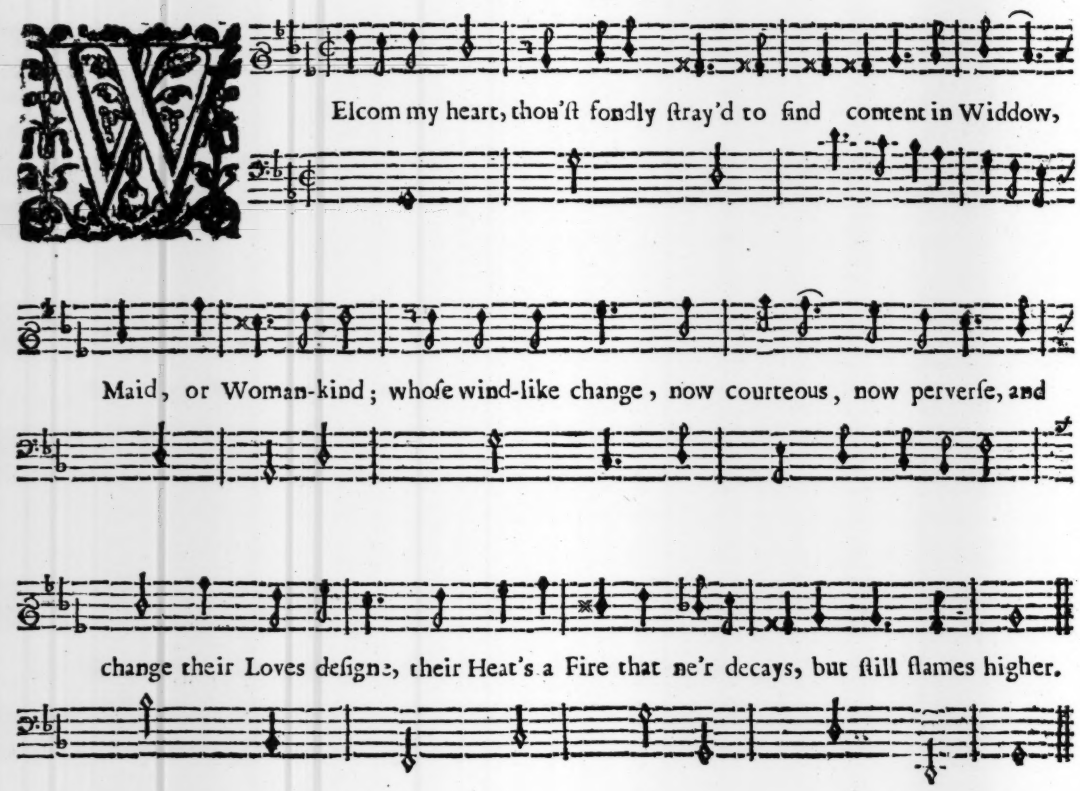
II.

But ſee the Miracle, She's kind,
And doth my fettered Tongue unbind;
The Sun-ſhine of her Smile doth quite
Diſpell the Meteors in my Sight;
And in an inſtant I recover
Heart enough to ſerve a Lover:
Thus when She liſt, She can recall
My Tongue, my Eyes, my Heart and all.

III.

Then (Deareſt *Celia*) let me pay
Rent-kiſſes to thee every day;
They are Loves Peppercorns, and ſhew
I'm Tenant of my ſelf to you;
Your Favour only muſt confirm
My Title, and enlarge my Term:
'Twill me a vaſt Subſiſtance give,
And you the Honour that I live.

Love Enlightned.



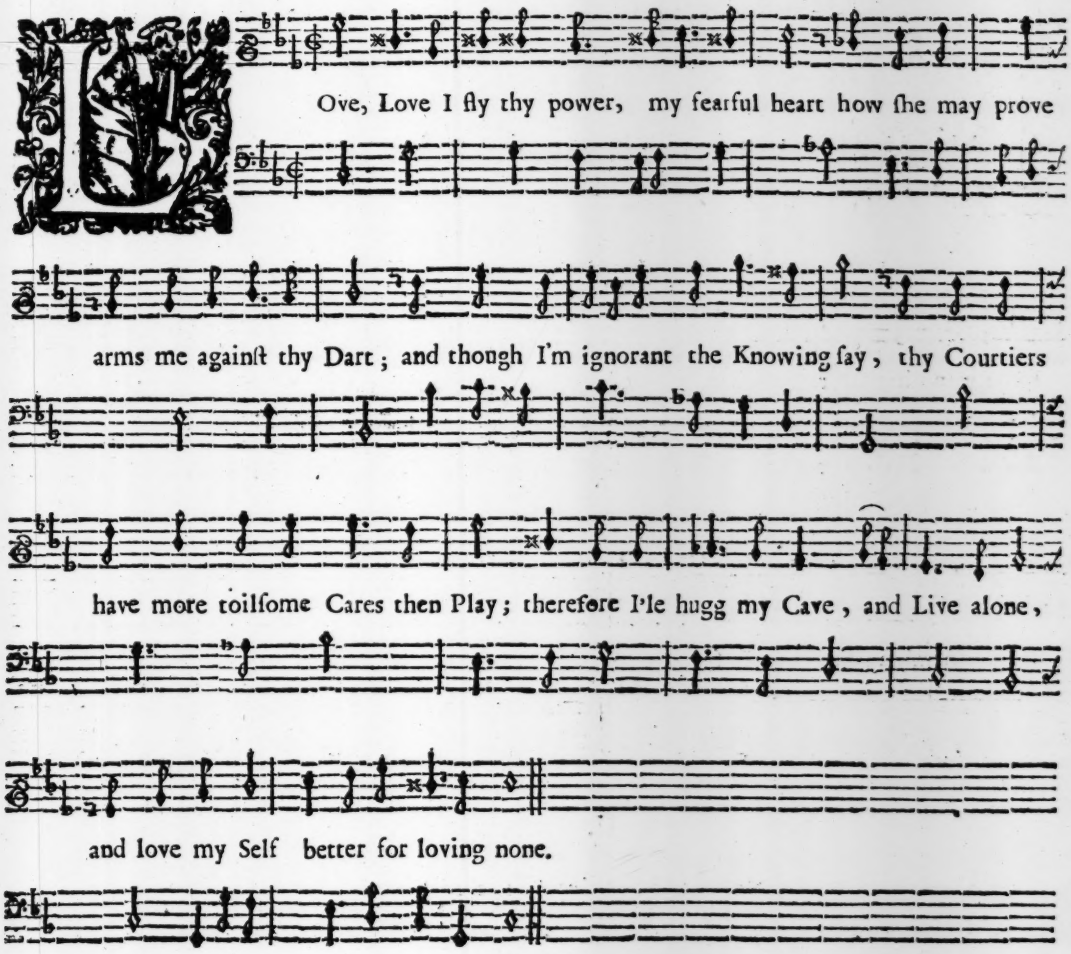
II.

Their Buſineſs Pride, their Beauties ſhape
A Looking-glaſſe for th'amorous Ape
To ſpend himſelfe, and Hours therein;
Their Court-ſhips, Garbes, but Fraud and Sin:
Say, ſay my Heart, Haſt not this found,
And that there very Kiſſes wound?

III.

Yes, yes, my Breſt thence (taught) I fly
Back from that Syrian Company;
Who not lov'd, hate; if lov'd, deſpiſe;
If had, inſult and tyranize:
Therefore I add, Bleſt is his Lot,
That will not know, and loves them not.

Love decyphered.



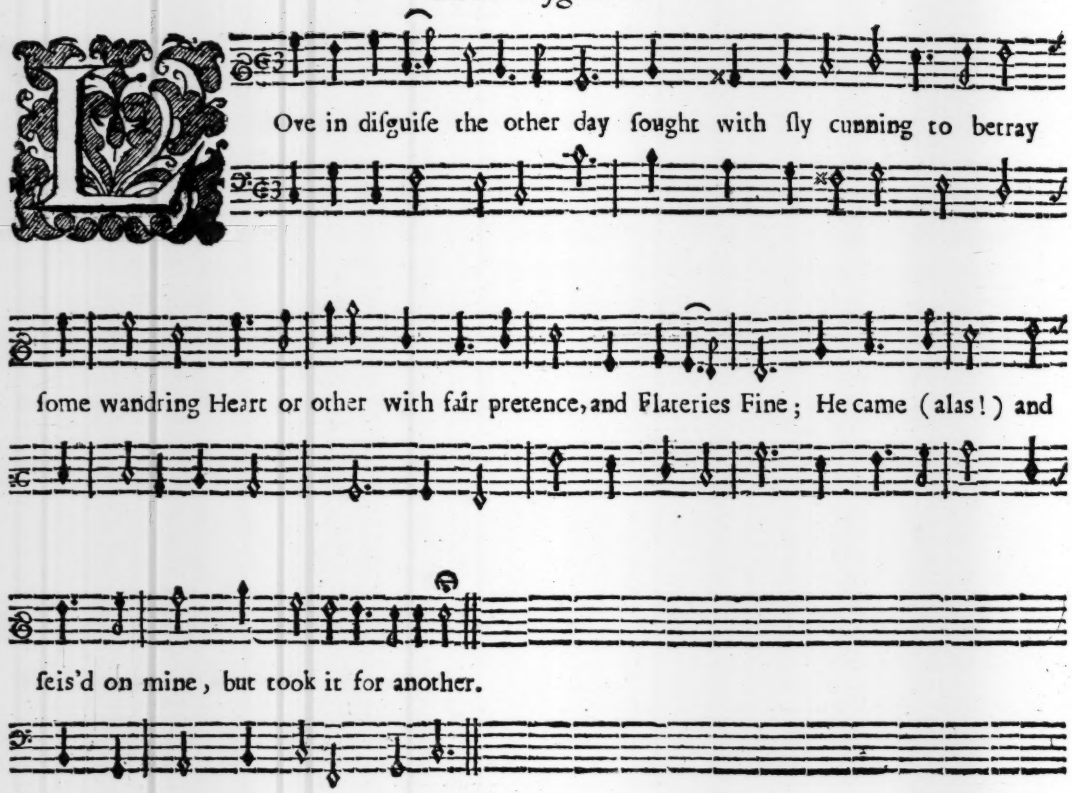
II.

For what is Love, but th'Brat of fond Conceit,
Buſineſſe, or Idleneſs a very Cheat?
They pay's our dream'd Eliziums, minutes Joys,
With years of perverſs Humours, Fear a noyes:
Then welcome Cave, where Prayers and Tears ſhall prove
My active Buſineſſe for Celeſtial Love.

III.

Here calmly penſive pious Thoughts ſhall be
With my good Angell, my choice Companie
And Contemplation of thoſe Joys above,
As the ſame fire ſhall dead the flames of Love;
The Spring my Drink, the Hearbs my Meat, this Cave
Shall be my Priſon, Pallace, Church and Grave.

Love diſguis'd.



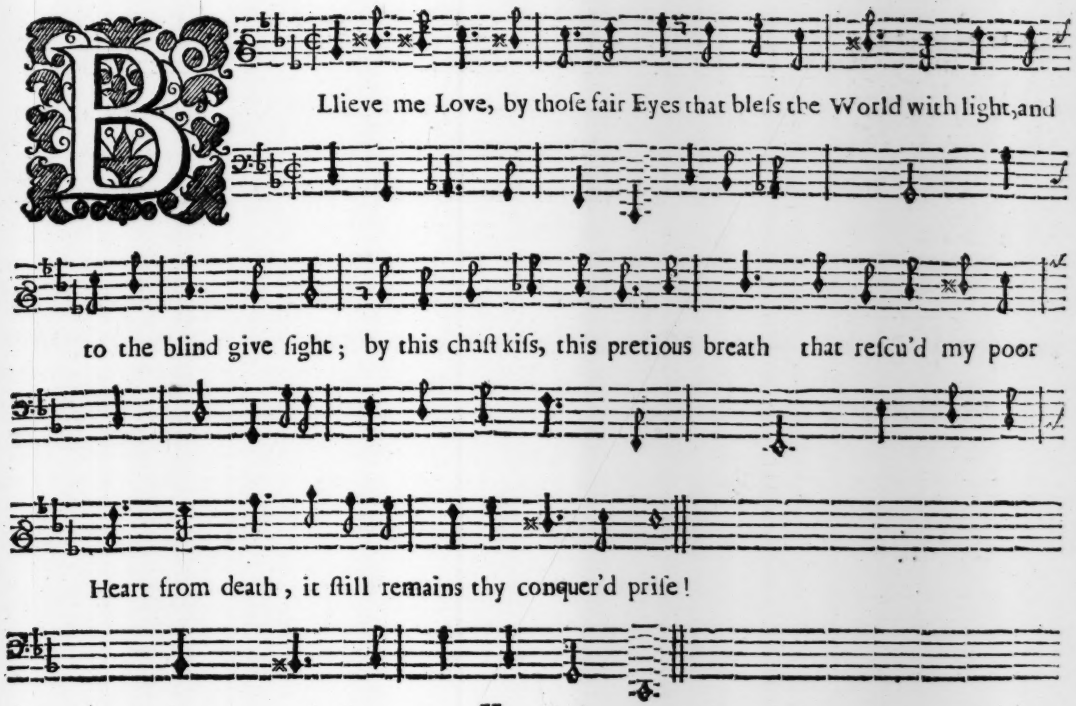
II.

Now in his Chains I ferrered lye,
But cannot tell for what, or why;
No Plaintiffe will declare;
Impriſonment I muſt imbrace
For doting on ſome killing Face
That will not now appear.

III.

Clorinda too, ſoon as She heard
That I was Tain, had no regard,
But caſt her Frowns to grieve me;
To ſatisfie her cold Diſdain,
She lets me ſtill live in my pain,
And will no more releive me.

Conſtancy.



II.

By Vertues ſelf, Enthron'd in thee,
For other Beauties were
But th' Figure of what's Rare;
No thoughts of change diſturb my reſt,
Whoſe heats conſume, not warm the breſt,
There's no content like conſtancie!

III.

Yet ſhould'ſt thou not continue mine
As firm as when I firſt
Love in my boſome Nurſt;
I would the Baſtard baniſh thence,
Though yet the Child of Innocence,
And prove him humane, not divine.

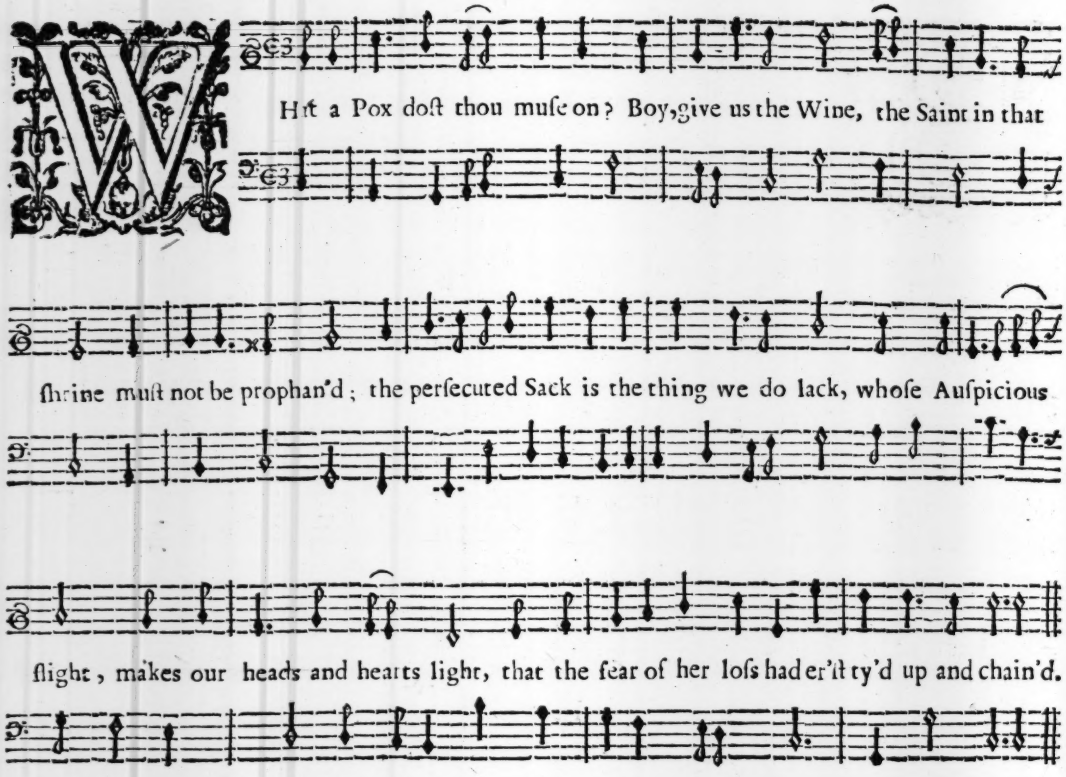
IV.

Did not thy fires preſerve my flame,
It ſhould diſperſing fly,
Like ſparks at every eye
With wanton liberty ſhould range,
And every minute covet change,
Till it diſolv'd Loves holy frame

V.

Then till thy fancy change thy minde,
If I without offence
May doubt ſuch Innocence?
My love ſhall be ſo purely free,
From looſe thoughts of disloyaltie;
It ſhall teach Turtles to be kind.

The Cheat.



II.

Not a Relique of her but we ought to adore,
And prize it before
Thoſe Tell-tales of Time;
True, *Ellen* and *Lucy*
Were Saints, but not Juicy;
And *Winifreds-Well*
Bears no ſound of a Spell;
If it had, ſome had written her Acts more ſublim.

III.

Know the Time will come, Sirrah, as it was of yore,
A Dram and no more
Muſt ſerve ſuch a Clown;
Let then hes welcome ring-Boys;
'Tis her flight bring us joy Boys,
Whoſe Patience is ſuch
She doth not care how much
We of her do conſume, be but true to the Crown.

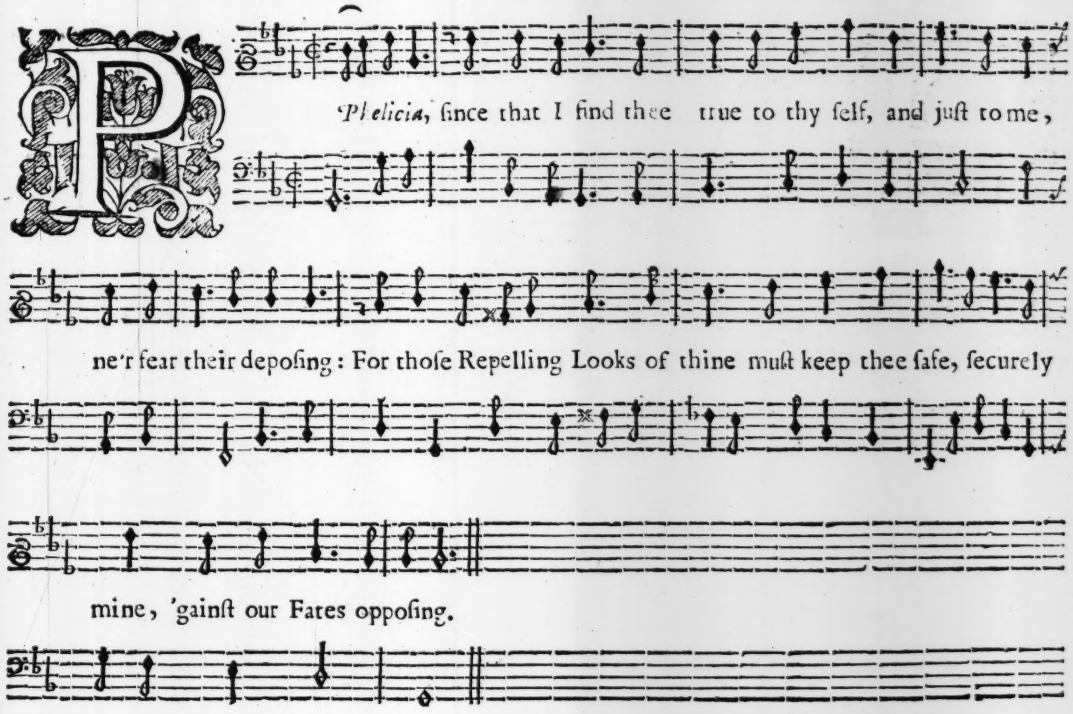
IV.

'Tis the flavour of this makes the Miter to ſtand,
The Crown to comand,
The Mare-maid to ſing;
Makes the Motes in the Sun
Like to Ganimeds run,
The Fleece-Coats with Gold,
And the Seaven Stars uphold,
'Tis her Influence makes the Twelve Houſes to ring.

V.

Then drink, fall, and adore her, 'tis fit we ſhoul be
More humble then ſhe
Hath travel'd for us;
Let's the Convoy then bleſs,
And the Merchant no leſs,
To'th Vintner a Health
Who from them got by Stealth,
This Jem, with intenſion to barter with us.

To Phelicia.



II.

No matter though thy Votaries
Complain how thou doſt tyranize,
And do reſolve to ſtorm
Thy Beauties Citadell; Be wiſe,
Thou art beyond their ſubtilties
Thus circled in my arme.

III.

Should they with factious force rebell,
Their faith and loyalties (too) ſell;
'Tis what we muſt expect;
For when at firſt they did pretend
A duty, 'twas for their own end,
And treachery in effect.

IV.

So ſuch as have deſire of power
Think other goverment too ſower,
And preach up libertie;
Till they into the ſtirrup get,
And mounted are by others wit
It'h place they did defie.

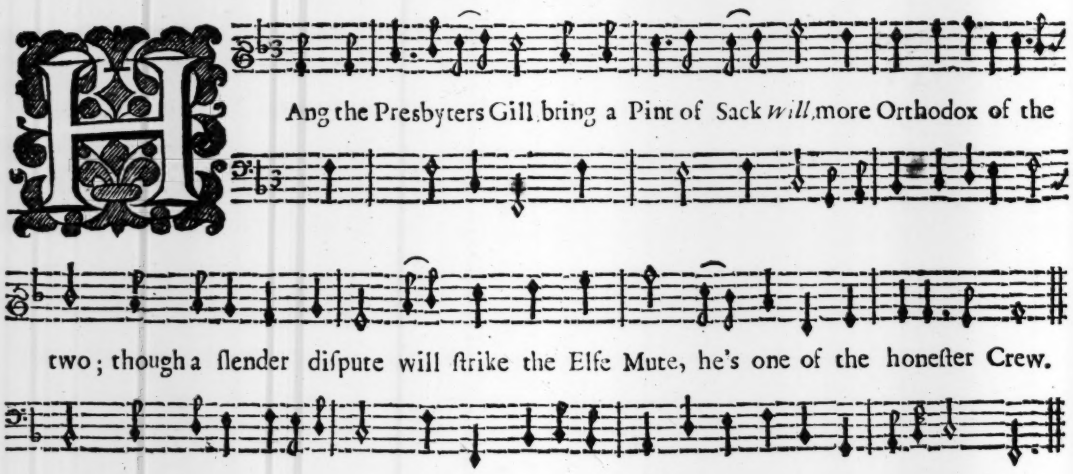
V.

Nay, though they ſwear they'l make thee far
More glorious then the Eaſtern Star,
Know, ſuch as ſwear will lye;
And 't hath been prov'd in tricks of State
When they have got as they would ha't,
Now have at all, they cry.

VI

Then deareſt, in thine own hands keep
That power that will preſerve thy ſleep
Againſt conſpiracie,
Let thy majeſtick frowns repell
All trecherous hearts that would rebell,
But keep thy ſmiles for me.

The Presbyters *Gill.*



HAng the Presbyters Gill bring a Pint of Sack *will* more Orthodox of the two; though a ſlender diſpute will ſtrike the Elfe Mute, he's one of the honeſter Crew.

II.

In a Pint there's ſmall heart;
Sirrah bring us a Quart;
Their's ſubſtance and vigour met,
'Twill hold us in Play
Some part of the Day,
But wee'l ſink him before Sun-ſet.

III.

The daring old Pottle
Does now bid us Battaile,
Let's try what his ſtrength can do;
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
And for all his Wiles
Wee'l tumble him down Stairs too.

IV.

The Stout Breſted Lumbard
His Brains ne'r incumbred
With drinking of Gallons three,
Trycongius was named,
And by *Cæſar* Famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

V.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox ſhould we ſtint
Our ſelves of the fulneſs it bears?
H'has leſs Wit than an Ape
In the Bloud of the Grape
Will not plunge himſelf o're Head and Ears

VI.

Then Summon the Gallon,
A ſtout Foe, and a Tall one,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep but Coyn in your Purſe,
The word is Disburſe,
I'le warrant he'l ſleep at your foot.

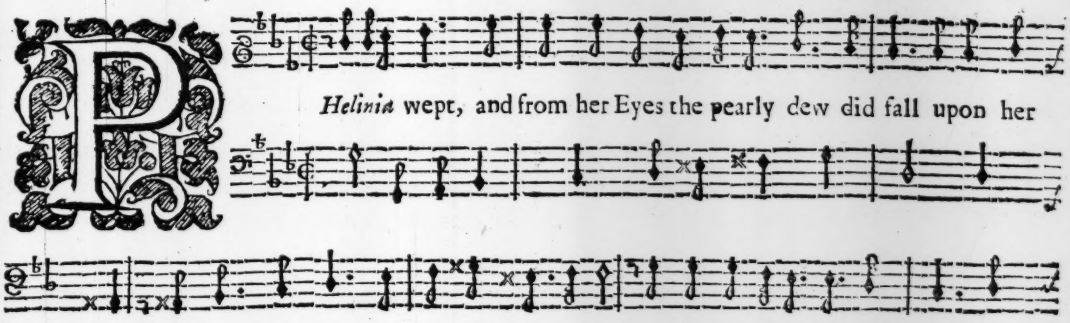
VII.

See the bold foe appears;
May he fall that him fears,
Keep you but cloſe order and then,
Wee will give him the Rout
Be he never ſo ſtout,
And prepare for his Railying Agen.

VIII.
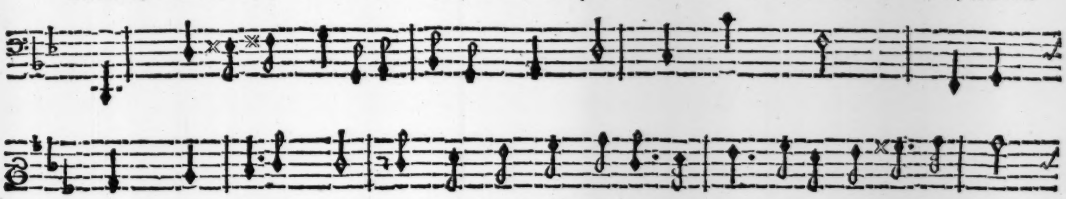
Let's drain the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine flotes not the faſter;
Will, when thou do'ſt ſlack us
By Warrant from *Bacchus*
Wee will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Maſter.

Loves Power.
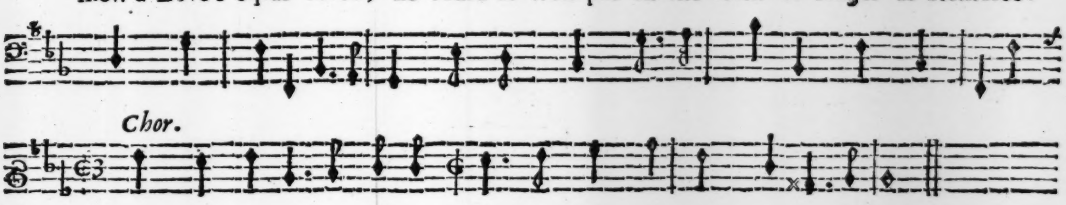


Helinia wept, and from her Eyes the pearly dew did fall upon her

Cheeks, then ſoon did riſe the Sun and drank up all; a calm as ſudden as the ſtorm, which



ſhew'd Love's equal force, he could as well put on the form of Anger as Remorce:



She wept for loſs of pleaſures paſt, and ſmil'd to meet them at the laſt.
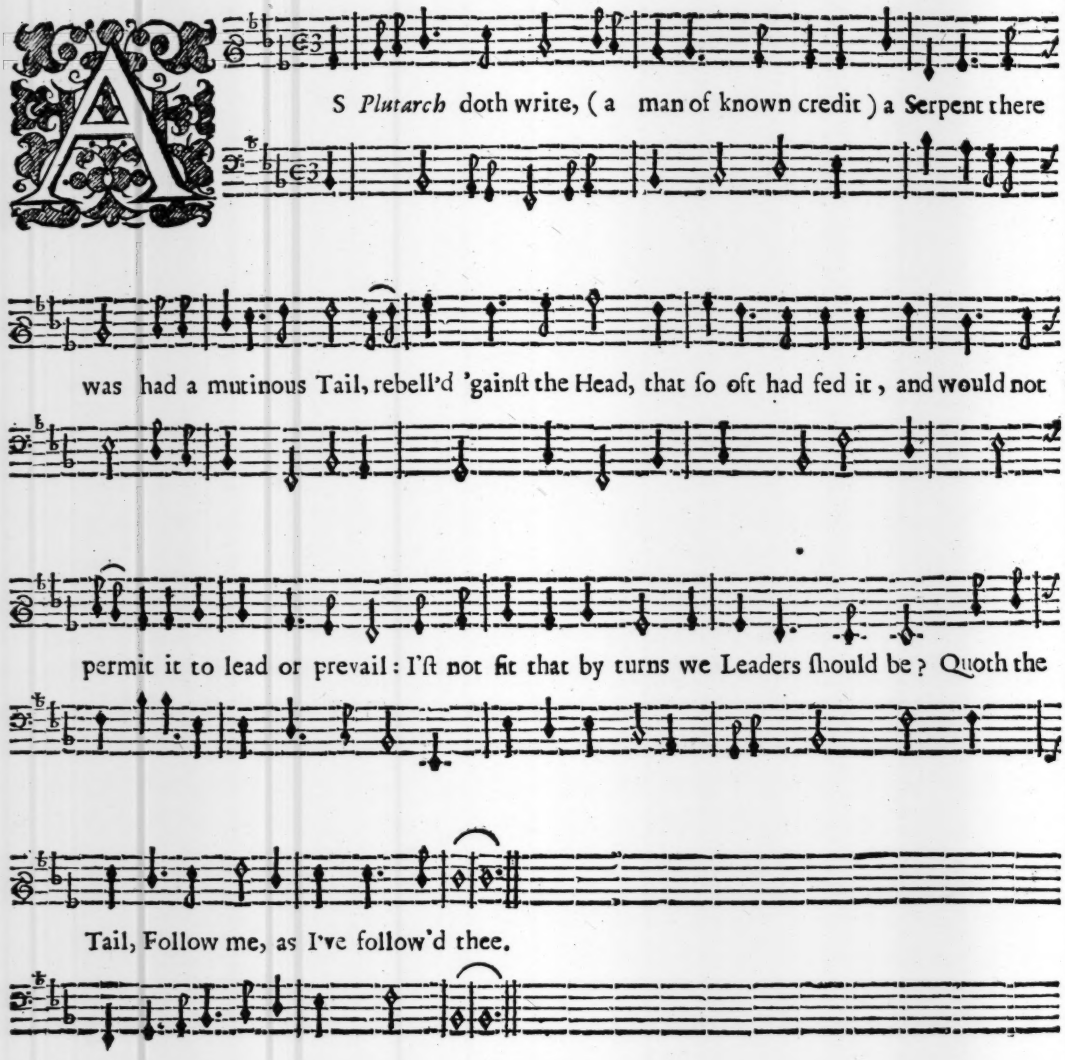


II.

Love ſo inſpir'd her every part,
That ſhee could Spirits raiſe;
And lay them with more eaſe and Art,
Then Boys crack Nuts at Plays:
With various Sceans of freſh delight
We ſpent a Summers-day,
Thou art my Son, in ſpight of Night,
Whil'ſt thou art up I'le ſtay:
Chor.--- But th' fancy I could not maintain,
And then ſhe falls to whine again.

III.

Oh fye, quoth ſhe, can Love grow cold
In Thee, who's All-deſire?
Or yet his Mother (never old)
In me want ſprightly fire?
How can'ſt thou then ſo ſoon forſake
The Sweetneſs of my Love?
The Bare was ſtraight brought to the ſtake,
But baited like a Dove.
Chor.--- With that ſhe ſmil'd, and cry'd (my heart)
I wiſh that we may never part,

The Allegory.



II.

Now the Body being grown too ſtrong for the Head,
Quoth the Head, Since it muſt be, then let it be ſo;
'Tis for quietneſs ſake I yield to be led,
Though I fear that from hence ſome danger will grow:
A thing ſo unnatural never was read,
As the Head to turn Tail, and the Tail to turn Head.

III.

The Tail takes precedence as blindly leads on,
As deaf to the Reaſon the Head had it given;
It bluſters along, and ne'r thinks upon
The ſtraights thorough which, th' poor Head had been driven:
At laſt by an accident a Scean of woe,
The Head was deſtroy'd and the Tail periſh'd too.

IV.

A Monſter like this, but of ſtranger conditions,
Ingender'd there was in the year Thirty nine;
Rebell'd 'gainſt the Head, but with fawning Petitions,
To have it its right and its power to reſigne:
This Monſter, the truth on't to ſpeak, was begot
'Twixt a Mungrel Parſon, and that Witch the *Scot*.

V.

So large and ſo mighty this Tail grew in length,
That where ſo e'r it came, it ſwept all before it;
There was no reſiſting ſo powerful a ſtrength,
The Head at the laſt was forc'd to implore it:
All our Caſtles and Towns this Tail did ſubdue,
A ſad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

VI.

Above ſeven years conflict this Head did indure
With that monſterous Tail, and the ſpawn it begot;
In which time ſcarce any mans life was ſecure,
Their Goods and their Cattle went all to the pot:
At laſt came a Champion with an Iron Flail,
And ended the ſtrife 'twixt the Head and the Tail.

VII.

The Head being departed, the Body began
To conſult with the Tail what beſt was to do;
Saint *George* (quoth the Body) 'tis ſaid was a man,
But what can this thing be that's called Saint *O*:
Why? he (quoth the Tail) was one of our rout,
And 'tis wondrous ſtrange, he ſhould turn Tail about!

VIII.

But while they thus argu'd, in ruſh'd brave Saint *O*,
With courage more keen, then the ſword that he wore;
Quoth he, You are vile things, not fit here to grow,
Such Fins in this place were ne'r known heretofore:
The blood and the fat of the Country doth feed you,
And high time it is I gueſs now to bleed you.
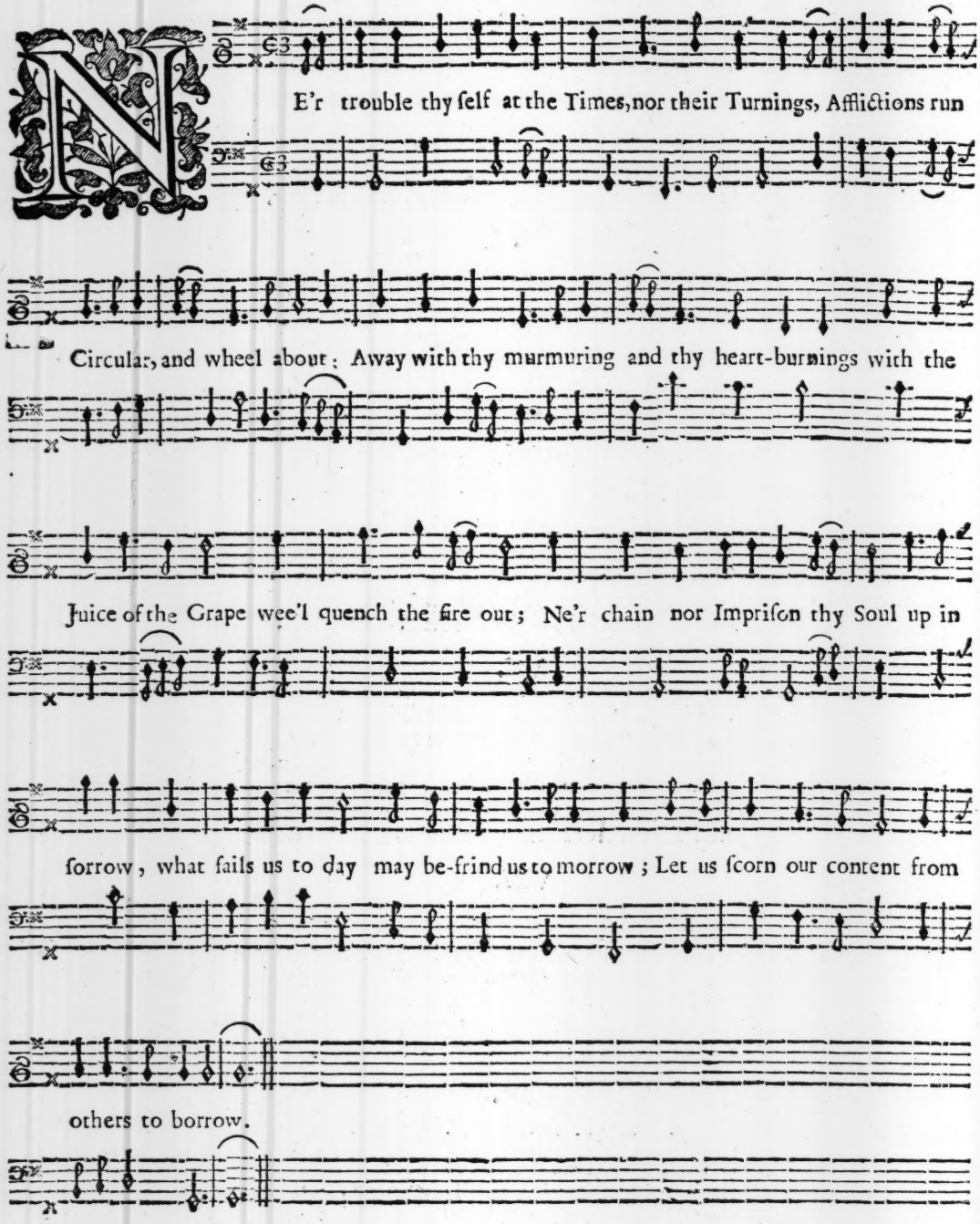
IX.

Some ſay that this Tail wore the mark of a *P*;
O is a letter in rank known before it;
But it makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,
Save this, I'm ſure the *O* had the more wit:
Their's no man ſo blind but may eaſily ſee,
H' has added unto his ſmal *O*, a tall *P*.

X.

My ſtory now ended, come, *viva* Saint *George*,
That old true blew Lad and Hoſpital Saint;
Bring a But of good Sack to fill up my gorge,
At this tale of Head and Tail I almoſt faint:
How e'r let it paſs, if you ſtudy upon't
I hope you will neither make Head or Tail on't.
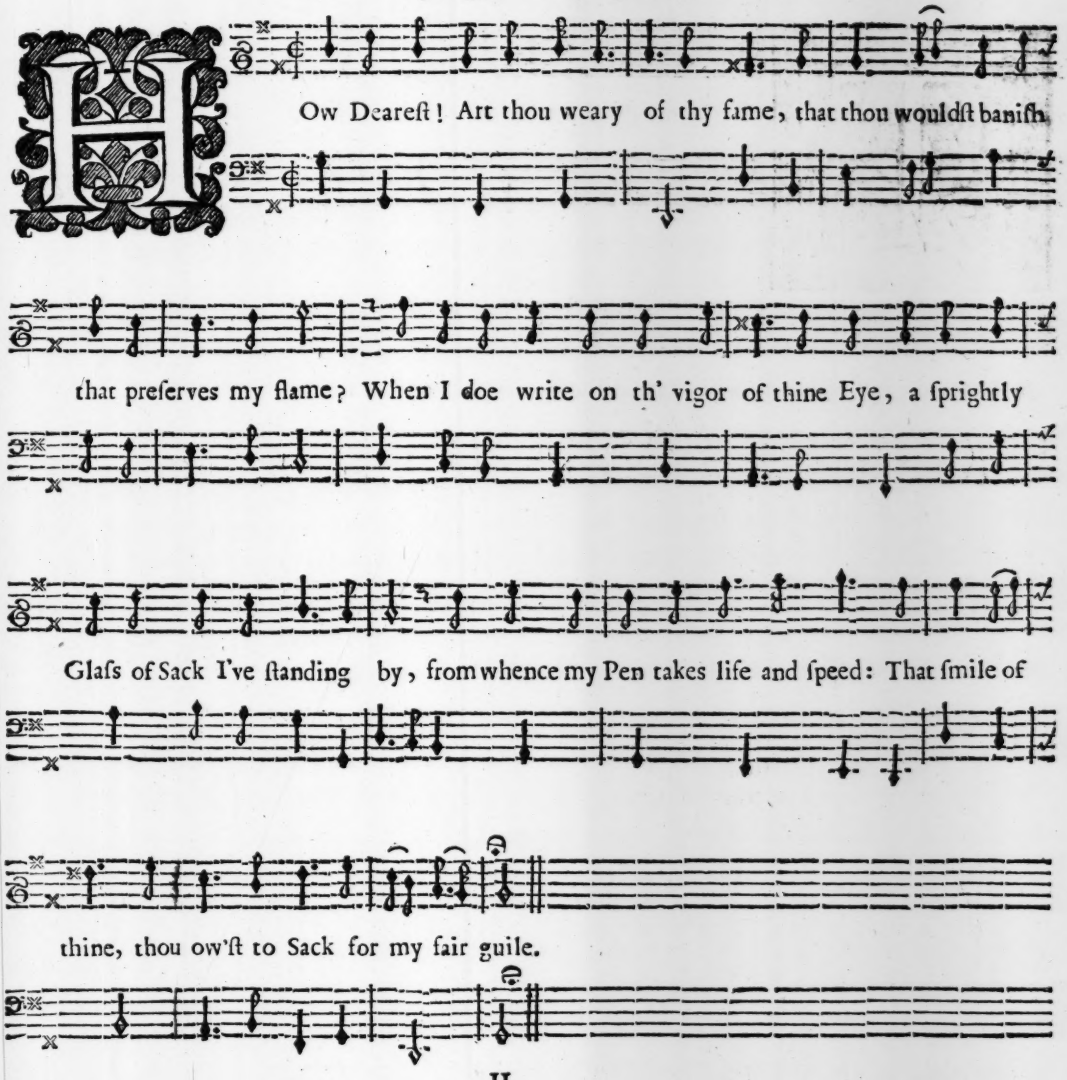
Sacks Vertue.



II.

Though Fortune hath left us, wee'l ſtrive to regain her,
And Court her with Cups till her Favourer come;
Then we with a Courage untam'd will maintain her,
And ſilence the noice of the Enemies drumb:
We will fix her unto the man moſt deſerving,
He'l keep her at work, as well as from ſtarving;
She ſhall not hereafter be at her own carving.

To his Miſtreſſe adviſing him from Wine.
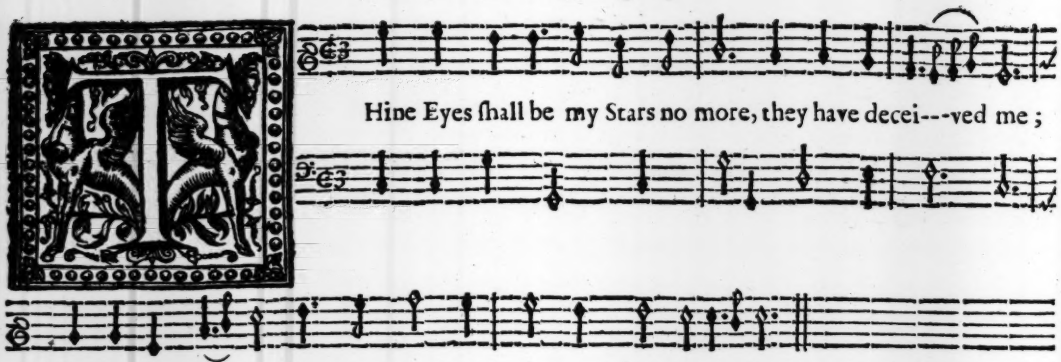


II.

That lively colour of thy Cheek and Lip,
From the rich Claret did my fancy ſip;
And from the mantling ſparks which thence ariſe,
I Metaphor'd thoſe *Cupids* in thy Eyes:
From the Lov'd Grape I can create conceit
Enough to raiſe dejection to the —— —— —— Seat

III.

Of Honour: —— —— 'tis the *Nepenthean* Spring,
About the which the jolly Muſes ſing
Thy praiſes from my Verſe: Oh! let me lack
All things elſe uſeful, ſo thou'lt give me Sack:
Thou may'ſt as well go bid me leave to live,
As have me leave the means which Life doth give:
Faith, leave my Wine, and Farewell Poetrie;
Forgetting which none will remember thee.

The Deceiving Miſtreſs.



II.

I thought they had been fix'd on me,
But wandring Lights they prove ;
The more they are admir'd in thee,
The more they love to gad and rove.

III.

As though they would out-vie the light
Contracted to the day ;
Untill the glory of its ſight
Some eaſie Hearts, (like mine) betray.

IV.

Yet boaſt not of that cruel Art
That ſo out-witted mine ;
For know, thou ne'r hadſt got my heart,
Had I not more then hop'd for thine.

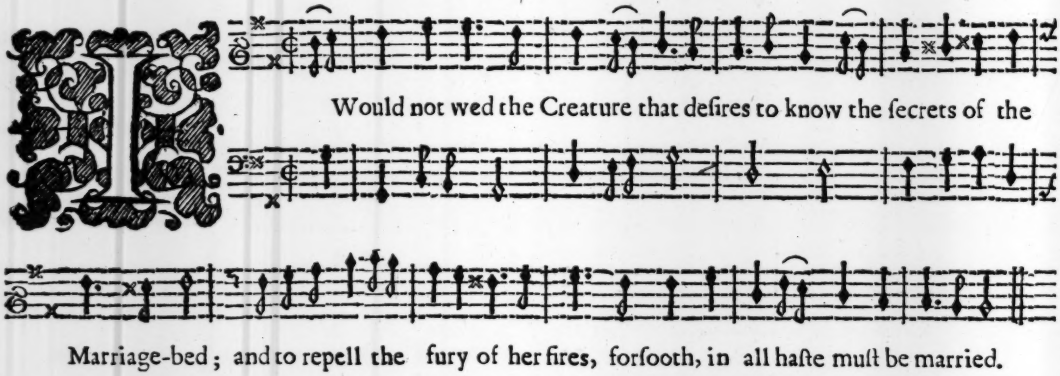
V.

I ſee their's policy in Love,
The ſlower men come on ;
The faſter your deſires do move,
'Tis Madneſs you to dote upon.

VI.

For this ſad truth I boldly tell,
Experience finds it ſuch ;
That had not I Lov'd half ſo well,
Thou hadſt not hated me ſo much.

How to chuſe a Miſtreſs.



II.

Nor ſhe who by her Parents cruelty
Is made to loath her ſelf, and cares not how
She is beſtow'd, to Joy or Miſery :
Ne'r minding Love nor Mariages ſtrickt Vow.

III.

Nor ſhe who hath to any been a Stale,
And now with Frantick Reſolution ſwears
The next that comes to Court her ſhall prevail,
Oh ! ſuch a peice would lug Love by the Ears.

Nor She that would be Wed to be made fine,
Thinking content ſhould her attendant be;
Believing not to want what e're was mine;
Faith, ſuch a Piece doth Love her ſelf, not me.

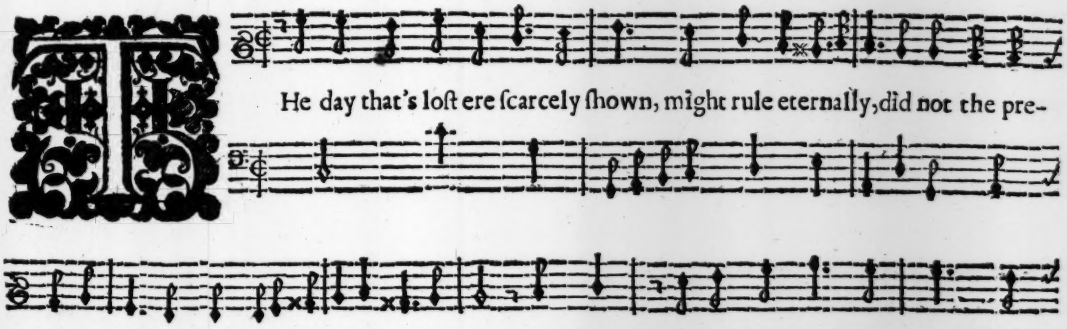
Nor your half Matron of ſome thirty five,
Whoſe in good-law and good-ſooths have worn out
Her Lips and Teeth, whoſe heart is but a Sive,
As faſt as Love creeps in it goeth out.

Nor the green piece that weds for the Rings ſake,
And other pretty things belonging to't;
The man that hath her muſt her Babies make,
And have a Fool and thouſand plagues to boot.

Nor yet the ſerious Soul that doth imploy
Her whole day at her work, or pries into
The Cooks Affairs, in her there is ſmall joy,
She'l Love me when She'as nothing elſe to do.

Now ſome will ſay, I cann't find ſuch an one,
That is from one or all theſe follies free;
To ſuch I anſwer, that they are unknown,
Unto thy worth, and ignorant of thee.

Jealouſie.

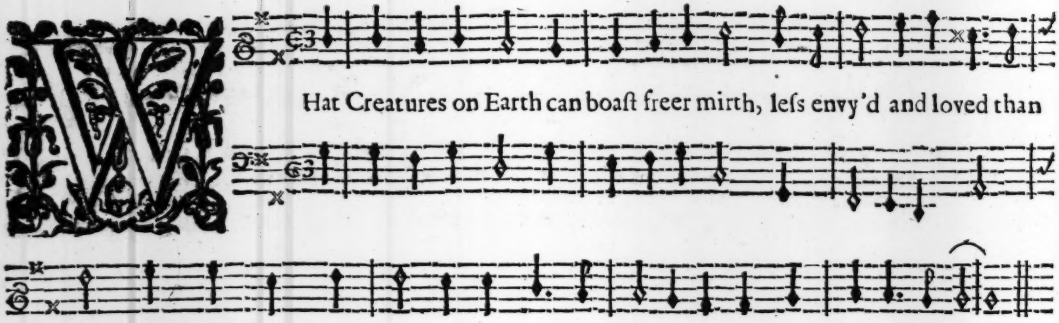


The Sea whoſe often Shipwracks ſtrike
A fear into the Advent'rers mind,
Would ſafely harbour did no Storm
Engage its natute to the Wind:
All things in goodneſs would be like,
Did not their ills their differ'nce ſhew;
Beauty in freedome as in form,
And Nature no decaying know.

Youth dwell for ever on our Cheeks,
Did not the Iron hand of Age
Imprint a Ruine or diſeaſe,
Invade our healths and life Engage:
Man might poſſeſs as ſoon as ſeek,
The pleaſures that do ſo entice;
But his own nature doth diſpleaſe,
Elſe Earth had been a Paradiſe.

So, had not cruel Love crept in,
My heart had been from paſſion free;
And my content had been my own,
Not ſlav'd to ſottiſh Jealouſie:
But Love hath rais'd ſuch war within,
It doth diſturb my peaceful pores;
And Tyrant-like (Alas!) hath thrown
My Reſt and Quiet out of dores.

The poor Scholar's *Song.*

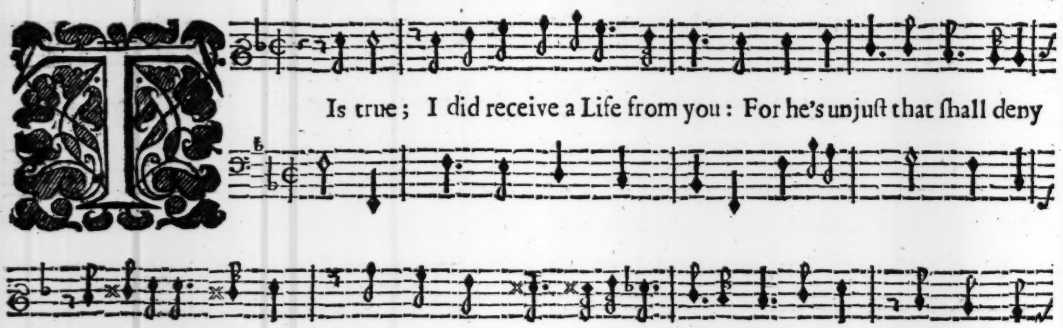


What Creatures on Earth can boaſt freer mirth, leſs envy'd and loved than wee; though Learning grow poor we ſcorn to implore a gift but what's noble and free.

Our freedome of mind
Cannot be confin'd,
With Riches we're inwardly bleſt;
Nor Death nor the Grave
Our worths can deprave,
Nor Malice our Aſhes moleſt:

When ſuch Moles as you
Your own Earth ſhall mue,
And Worms ſhall your memory eat;
Our names being read,
Shall ſtrike Envy dead,
And Ages our Worths ſhall repeat.

Upon Recovery of a fit of Sickneſs.

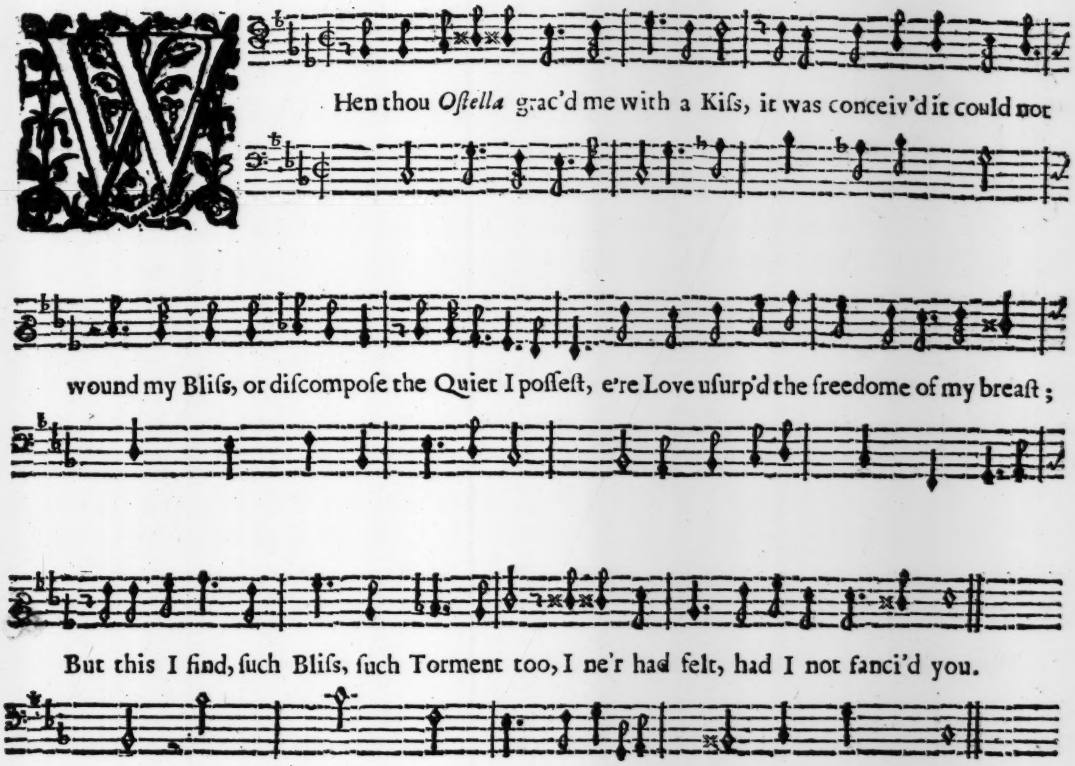


That is true; I did receive a Life from you: For he's unjuſt that ſhall deny the miracles thou doſt: When my poor Heart was ready to depart this air, thou cam'ſt to viſit me, and brought'ſt me heavenly Surgerie in either Eye.

But ſee,
This mercy's full of crueltie;
For I had paid
But one poor Life, had then my frame decay'd:
When now to pleaſe
Your Pride is a Diſeaſe
Paſt cure; for with each minute I
Suffer a Death, yet cannot dye;
'Tis Tyranny.

My Heart,
Whereon you practiſe all your Art;
You'l ſay's your own,
So Surg'ons torture ere their skill be ſhown:
If you'l deviſe
Mine to Anotomiſe,
That ſo you may advance your skill;
Firſt be ſo kind as throughly kill;
My wiſh fulfill.

A Kiſs.



II.

That welcom'd Kiſs ſhot fire at every part,
Till it had ſeiz'd the Chamber of my Heart;
And there ſurpriz'd the Virgin of Content
That ne'r knew Love before, or Detriment:
The Bee ſo leaves her ſting, yet doth not know,
Miſtaking thus where ſhee hath hurt or no.

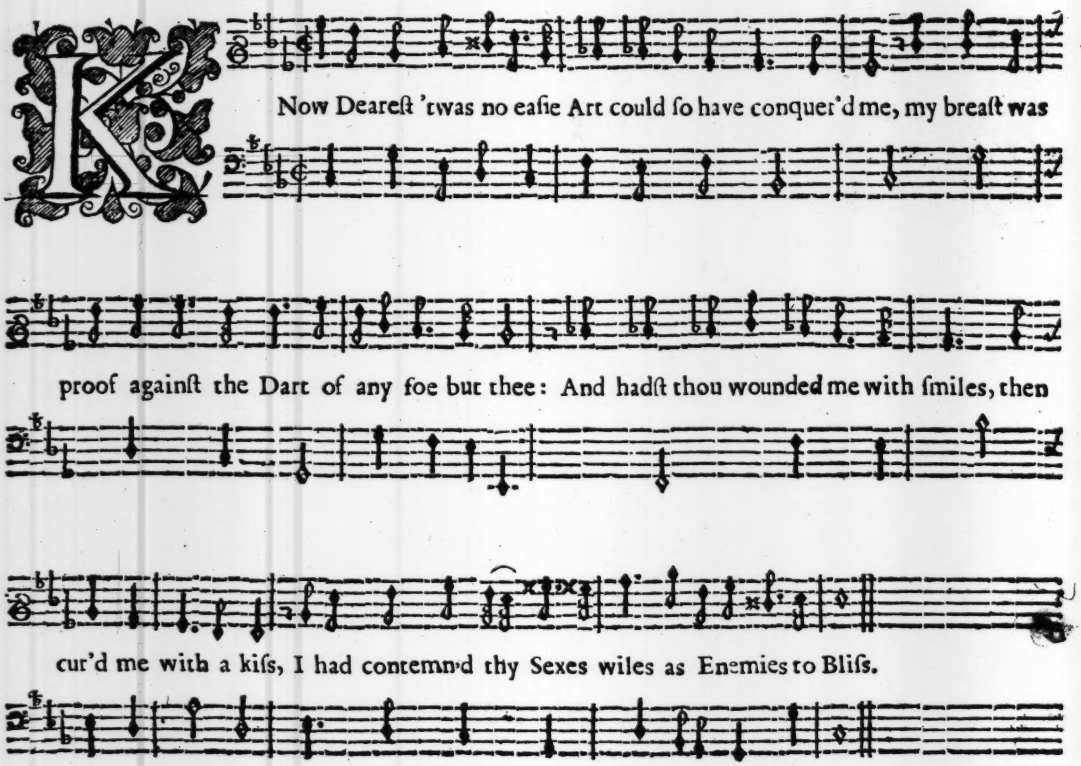
III.

Then when with Sighs and Tears I ſtrive to kill
The Raging Heat, they but augment my ill;
The more I breath, the more the Flames aſpire,
Love turns my Tears to Oyle to feed the Fire;
And when to you my Griefs I would impart,
Fear tyes my Tongue and Love enthrals my Heart.

IV.

Licenſe my love *Oſtella* then, and give
A Cure to that, elſe muſt not hope to live;
Nor glory in this conquer'd Heart of mine,
Pitie will make your Beauty more divine;
Soften your Heart like mine that doats on you,
Or teach me how to make mine Marble too.

His Miſtriſs bidding him make another choice.



II.

But having caught me in the ſnare,
I cann't with eaſe return;
Had others harmes made me beware
I might have left to burn:
But greedy of my miſery,
I courted ſo my fate;
The Object ſpake all Love to me,
But the Effect on't hate.

III.

No Beauty but thy own ſhall make,
Me ſenſible of wo;
For when I do the ſame forſake,
I muſt my bliſs forego:
My heart ſhall never yield it ſelf,
A priſoner, but to thee,
For no reſpect to praiſe or pelf,
Shall bribe my conſtancie.

IV.

When thou ſhalt frame thy Throne of Bliſs,
Look down on my ſad heart;
And know for whoſe dear ſake it is
Appointed ſo to ſmart:
When thou ſhalt find I prize thy joy
More then my own content;
What heart but thine could ſo deſtroy
A heart ſo innocent.

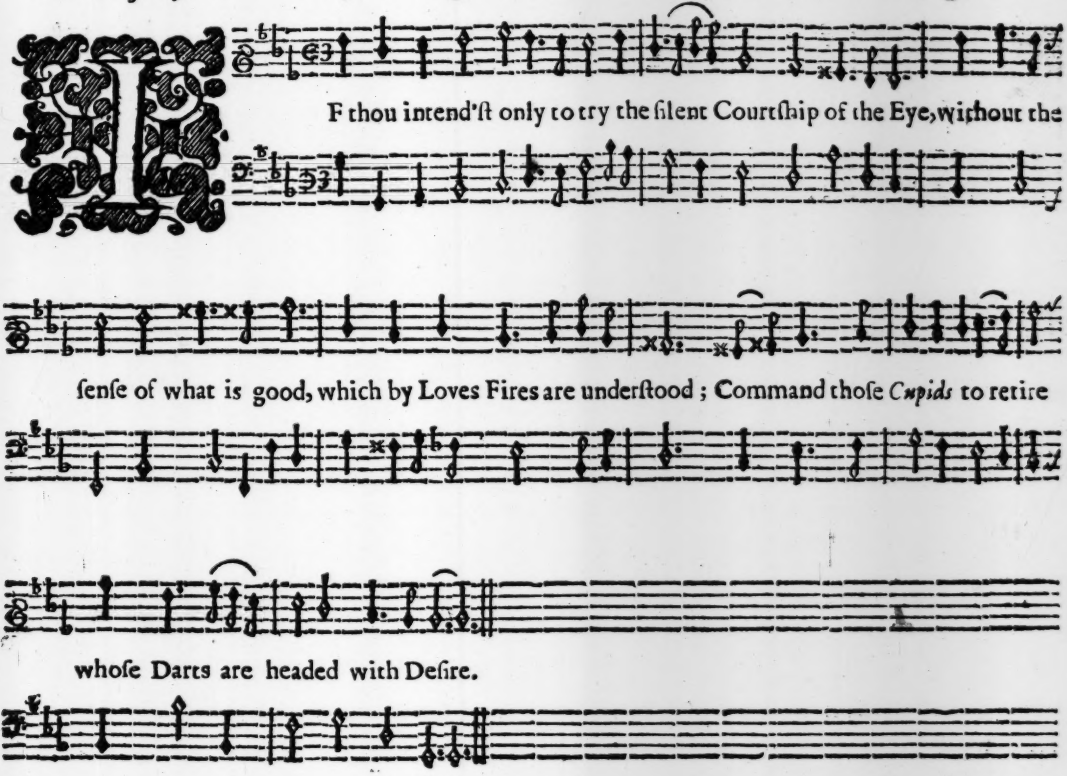
V.

When thou ſhalt find my youth to waſte,
My Loyalty indure;
And I no other joys do taſte,
Then what thy hate doth ſowre:
When thou ſhalt find I take delight
In nothing ſaving thee;
If pity would my Love requite,
Be kind to murther me.

VI.

Till when my ſoul when 'tis moſt ſad
Shall find the way to Sing
There is no comfort to be had,
But what thy Love muſt bring:
And if thy glories think it meet
I muſt thy Martyr be
When Natures watch hath left to beat,
Farewell Fair cruelties.

To a Miſtreſs that thinks the Sight without other Injoyment is Love ſufficient.



II.

Forbid the union of our hands,
Each Amorous touch a heat commands;
Forbid our lips to meet and melt,
Where the pure ſenſe of Love is felt:
Forbid thy Tongue to whiſper Love,
That very word hath power to move.

III.

Whoſe ardent breath infuſed, can
Raiſe courage in a dying man;
And through each Vein freſh heat reſtore,
That had been ſtar'd with cold before:
So from thy Air ſuch vigour came,
It curl'd my Heart into a flame.

IV.

Forbid thy Cheeks to ſhew their Spring,
Forbid thy Nightingale to ſing;
Forbid thy All and every part,
To ſhew ſo much their Miſtriſs Art:
For 'leſs thou keep'ſt thoſe baits within,
They'l tempt an Anchorite to ſin.

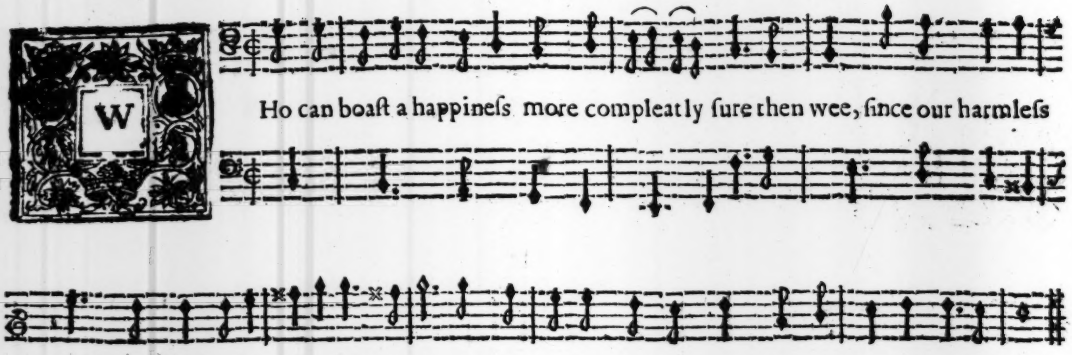
V.

Yet ſhould thoſe excellences be,
Depriv'd their proper uſe in thee;
Men would be apt their faiths to pawn,
Th'art but a picture lively drawn:
One which each rude preſumptuous Eye,
Admiring feaſts as well as die.

VI.

So I confeſs my flames may end,
And thou a ſhadow loſe thy friend;
Unleſs thy fancy raiſe conceit,
Thou art my Miſtriſs counterfeit:
And ſo ſurveying each fair part,
I paint her figure in my Heart.

The Country Man's Life.



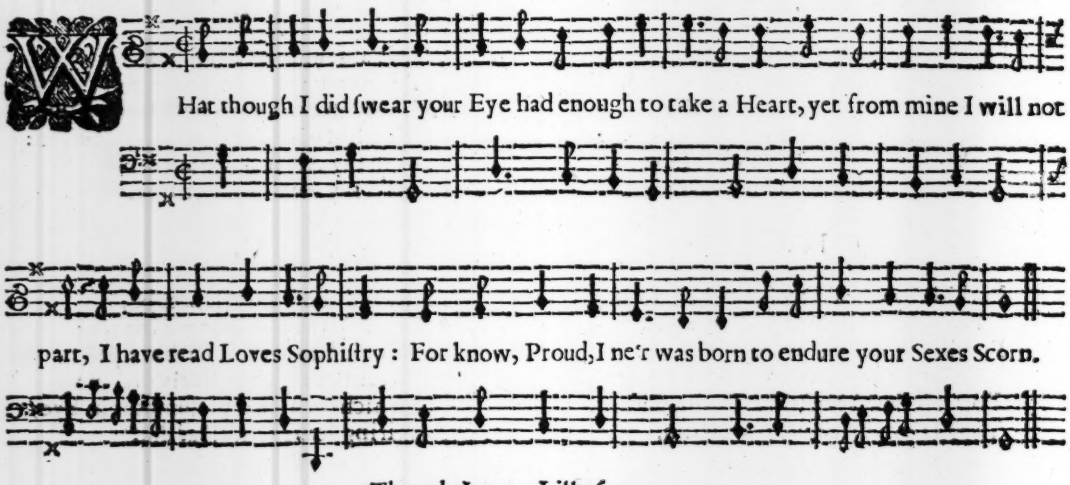
II.

Envie is a ſtranger here,
Bleſt Content our Boles do crown;
Let ſuch ſlave themſelves to fear
On whoſe guilt the Judge doth frown;
We from evill Actions are
Free as uncorrupted Air.

III.

With the Turtles whiſper Love,
With the Birds we practiſe Mirth;
With our harmleſs Kids we move,
And receive our food from Earth;
Nor do we diſdain to be
Cloath'd with the Lambs Livery.
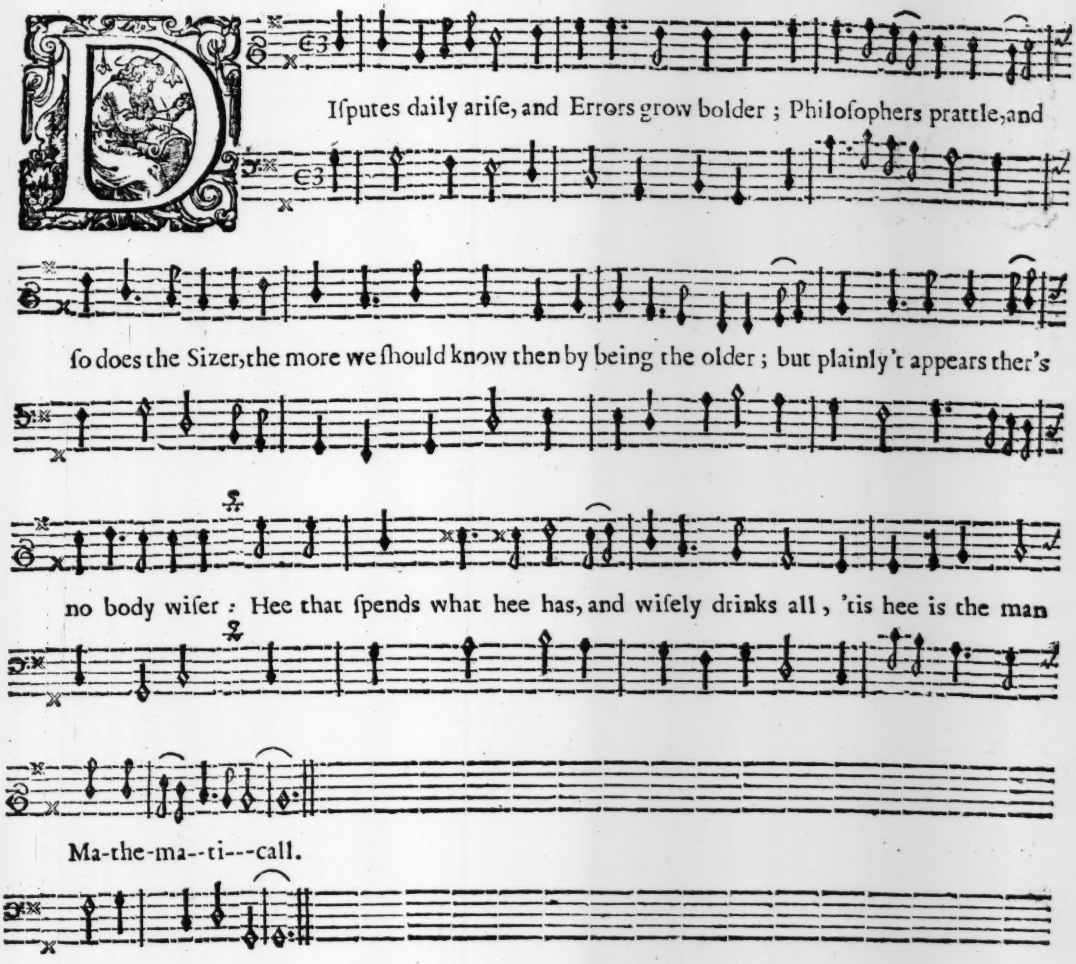
To a ſimple Coy Miſtreſs.



Though I you a Lilly ſwore,
Yet the Violets azur'd hue
Is for uſe more priz'd than you:
Nor will I thoſe Lips adore,
Since the Cherries trees do bear
Are far ſweeter than yours are.

Though I priz'd your ſwelling Breſt,
Yet the Grape, or Goosberry
Yield a juice more Savory;
Nor will I again proteſt
To an out-ſide, till I know
'Tis for Taſte as well as Show.

The Real Drinker.



II.

The ſceptical Brain, 'tis that moſt men like beſt,
To appear ſubtile Wits, but live in ſuſpence;
Thus all their lives long they are but in Queſt,
And never arrive at true Science or Senſe:
Since the Schools then diſpute about *Ariſtotle*,
Let us now agree in our terms o're a Pottle.

III.

Opinion it is that governs the World;
Why ſhould not mine, and the Clubbs be as free,
As he that a hundred into Priſon hurl'd,
And with his Horſe and his Mace confutes poor mee?
We have probable reaſons our Tenets to back,
And what more pretend they that quarrell with Sack?
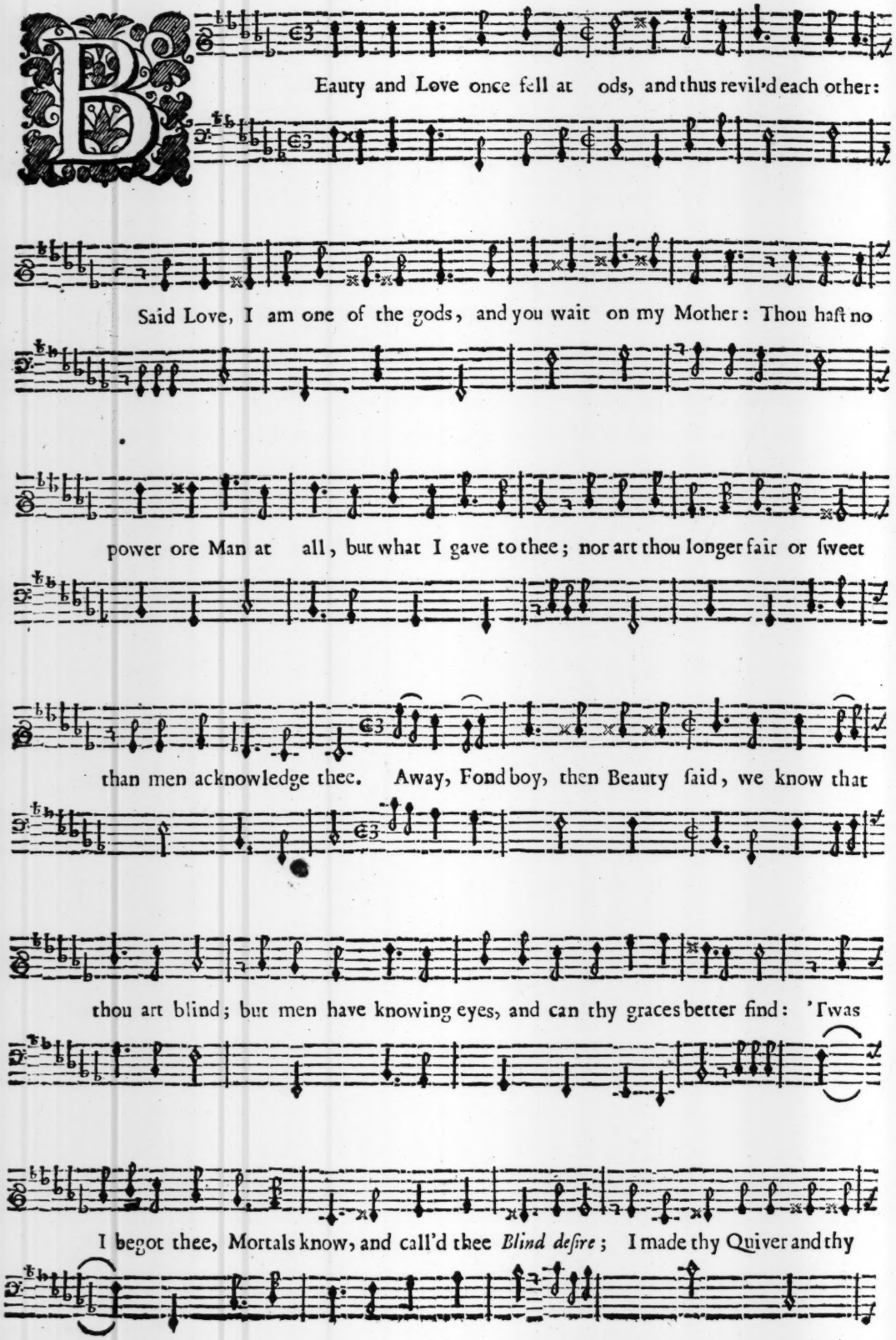
IV.
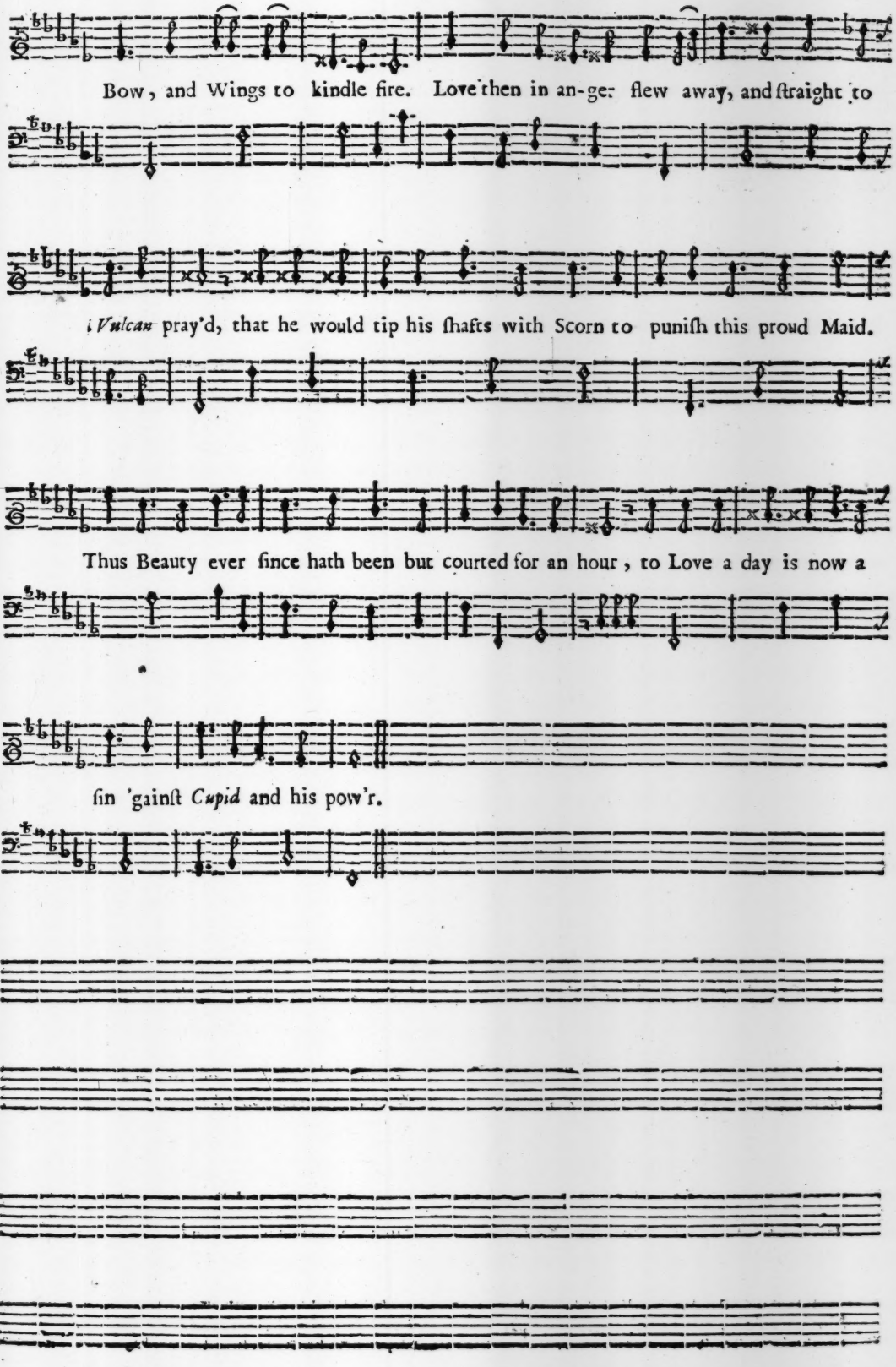
Since we now for mirth (Lads) our fancy diſpoſes,
And ev'ry man thinks what he does is but reaſon;
Let's tipple a Glaſs round, till our Cheeks and our Noſes
Are deeper dy'd than the Roſe in 'its ſeaſon:
What is demonſtrative is approv'd by all,
Then drinking Healths too, is Mathematical.

V.
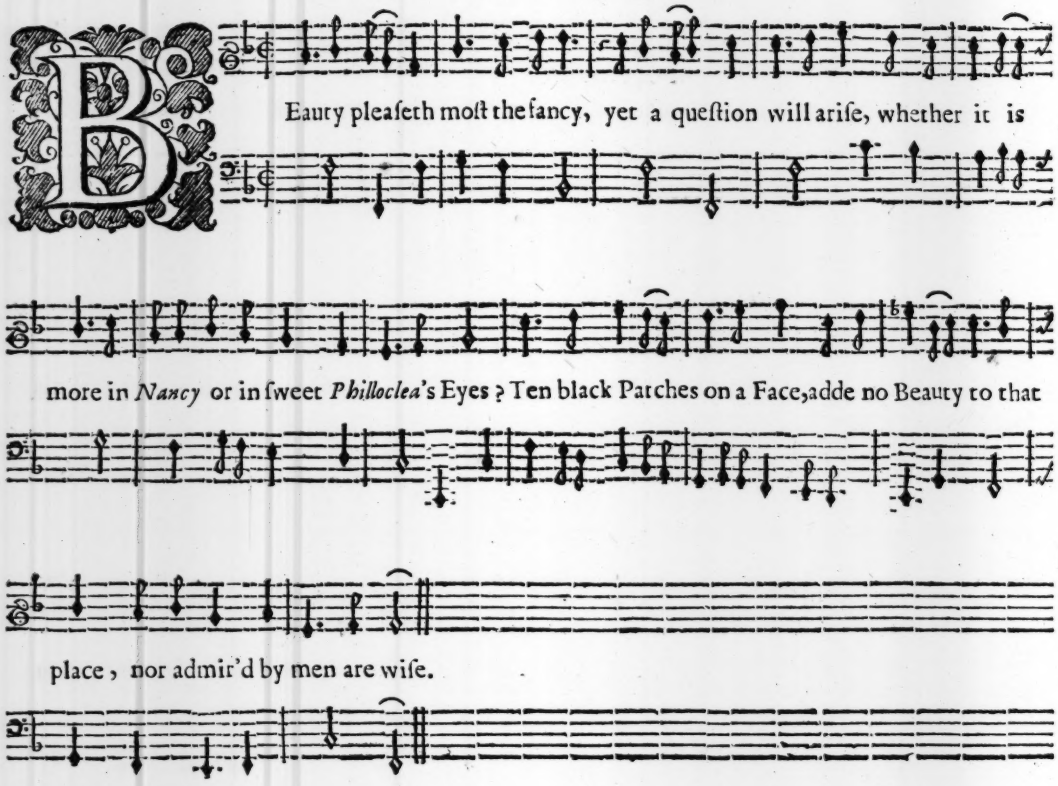
To our Miſtriſſes then a full Glaſs be crown'd;
He that will not pledge it, we'l count him a Sinner;
Then freely caſt all your Hats on the ground,
'Tis but what was done at a thankſgiving-Dinner:
They too had reaſon, being inſpir'd by Wine,
To believe what they did was partly Divine.

Beauty and Love at ods.




Bow, and Wings to kindle fire. Love then in an-ger flew away, and ſtraight to
Vulcan pray'd, that he would tip his ſhafts with Scorn to puniſh this proud Maid.
Thus Beauty ever ſince hath been but courted for an hour, to Love a day is now a
ſin 'gainſt *Cupid* and his pow'r.

Natural Beauty beſt.



II.

Symitry ſome Beauty call,
And Colours ſome ſay baſe is;
What ſhall they do have none at all,
But are ſubject to diſgraces?
The *Frenchman*'s Shop on *Ludgate*-Hill,
The Ladies there buy what they will
Both for their Hands and Faces.

III.

I wonder how to them't appears,
There beauty is ſo laſting,
That they ſhould not at threeſcore years;
Nay, ſooner find it waſting?
'Tis a Fort can't long hold out,
Light-foot time ſure will it rout,
For after them he's haſting.

IV.

Paint Ladies therefore whilſt you live,
Alluring 'tis to plaiſter fair;
Purchaſe this art what ere you give,
It makes you appear not what you are:
If your houſe chance once to fall,
Ruines fatall to you all,
And yee are paſt all repair.
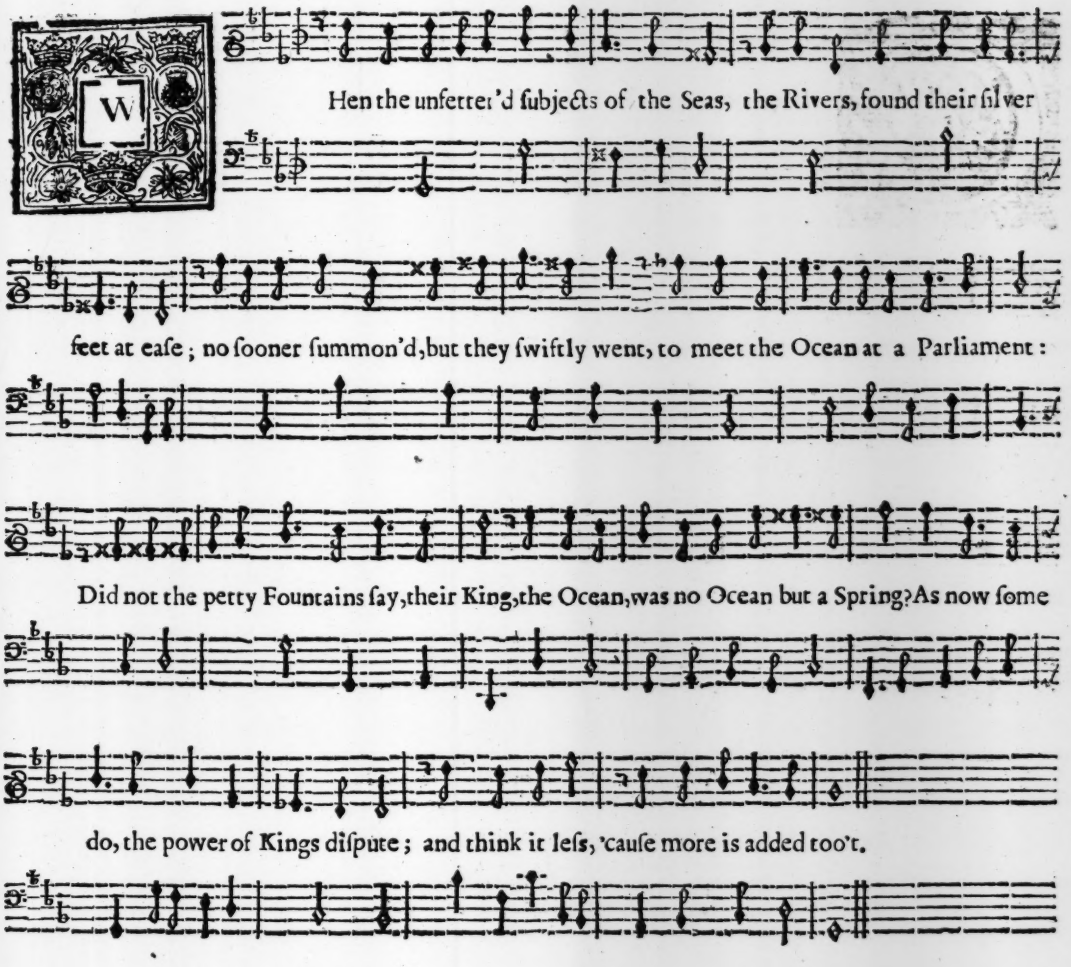
V.

That's perfect Beauty when the Mind,
(And's longer liv'd then babling Fame,)
To Wit and Wiſdome is inclin'd,
The Face and Body Natures frame:
Not patch'd up with Exchanging Shops,
Or deviſing Taylors props;
Art and Ornament they ſhame.

VI.

Such a Miſtris I have found,
With adoration her admire!
With all theſe Graces She is crown'd,
And I have my own deſire:
Aged Time ſhall Poets raiſe
More worthy far to ſing her praiſe
In a ſtrain that is more higher.

Liberty breeds Preſumption.



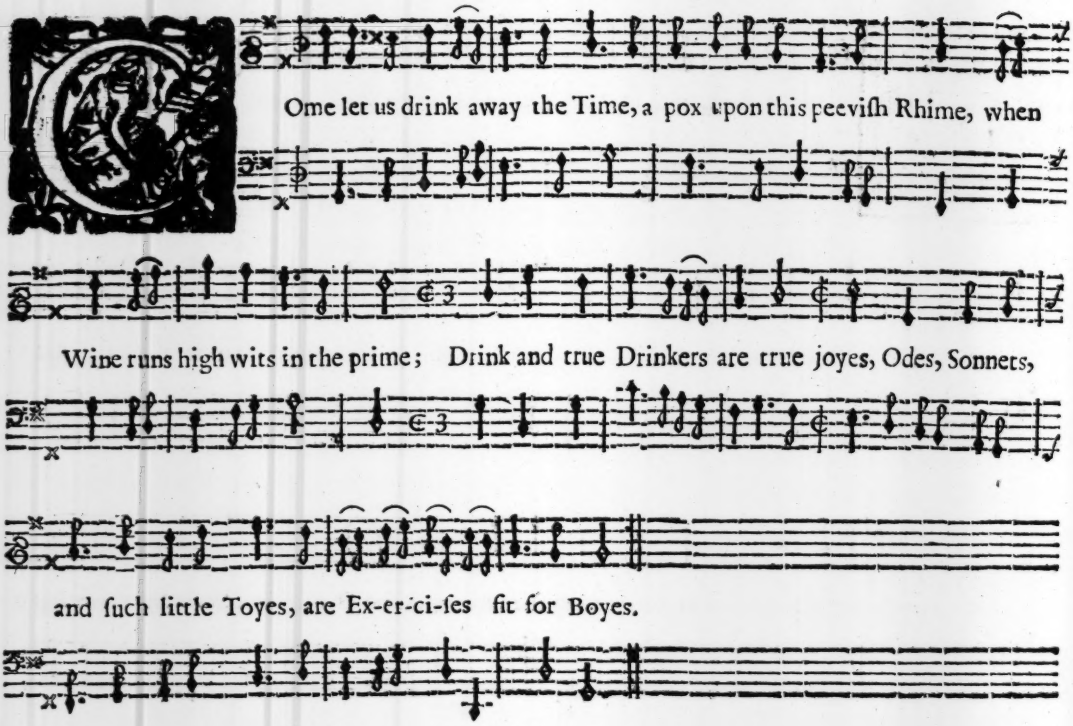
II.

Pale Ignorance, can the exceſs of Store
Make him ſeem poorer than he was before?
The Stars, the Heavens Inferior Courtiers, may
Govern the Nights darkneſs but not rule the Day:
Where the Sun Lords it, though they all combine
With *Lucia*, in her Vulgar dreſs, to ſhine
Brighter than they; nor can He be ſubdu'd,
Although but one, and they a multitude.

III.

Say Subjects, are you Stars, be it alow'd,
You juſtly of your Members may be proud;
But to the Sun inferior; for know this,
Your Light is borrow'd, not your own, but his:
And as all Streams into the Ocean run,
You ought to pay your contribution:
Then do not ſuch Ingratitude oppreſs,
To make him low that could have made you leſs

The true Sack-drinker.



II.

The whyning Lover that does place
His wonder in a painted Face,
And waſts his Subſtance in the Chace,
Could not in melancholy pine,
Had he affections ſo Divine
As once to fall in Love with Wine.

III.

Then to our Liquor let us ſit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit;
Who bares moſt Wine has then moſt wit:
The Gods themſelves their Revels keep,
And in pure Nectar tipple deep
When ſloathfull Mortals are aſleep.

IV.

They fudl'd once for Recreation,
In Water which by all Relation,
Did cauſe *Ducalions* Innundation:
The ſpangled Globe, as it held moſt,
Their Bole was with Salt-water doſt,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Toſt.

V.

In Wine *Apollo* allwayes choſe
His darkeſt Oracles to diſcloſe;
'Twas Wine gave him his Ruby-noſe:
The gods then let us imitate,
Secure of Fortune and of Fate;
Wine Wit and Courage doth create.

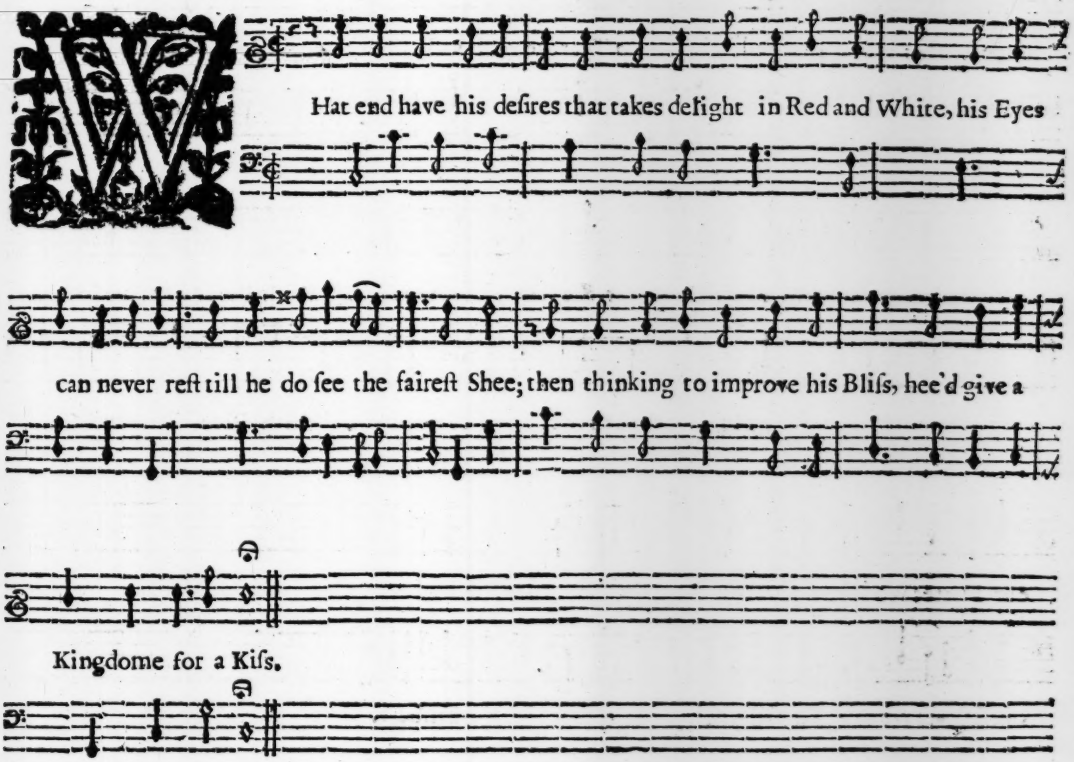
VI.

Who dares not drink's a wretched Wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night;
Fill up the Goblet till it ſwim
With Foam that over looks the Brim;
He that drinks deepeſt, Here's to him.

VII.

Sobrietie and Study breeds
Suſpition in our Thoughts and Deeds,
The Down-right Drunkard no man heeds:
Let me have Sack, Tobacco ſtore,
A drunken Friend, a little Whore,
Provided, I will ask no more.

Love Inſatiable.



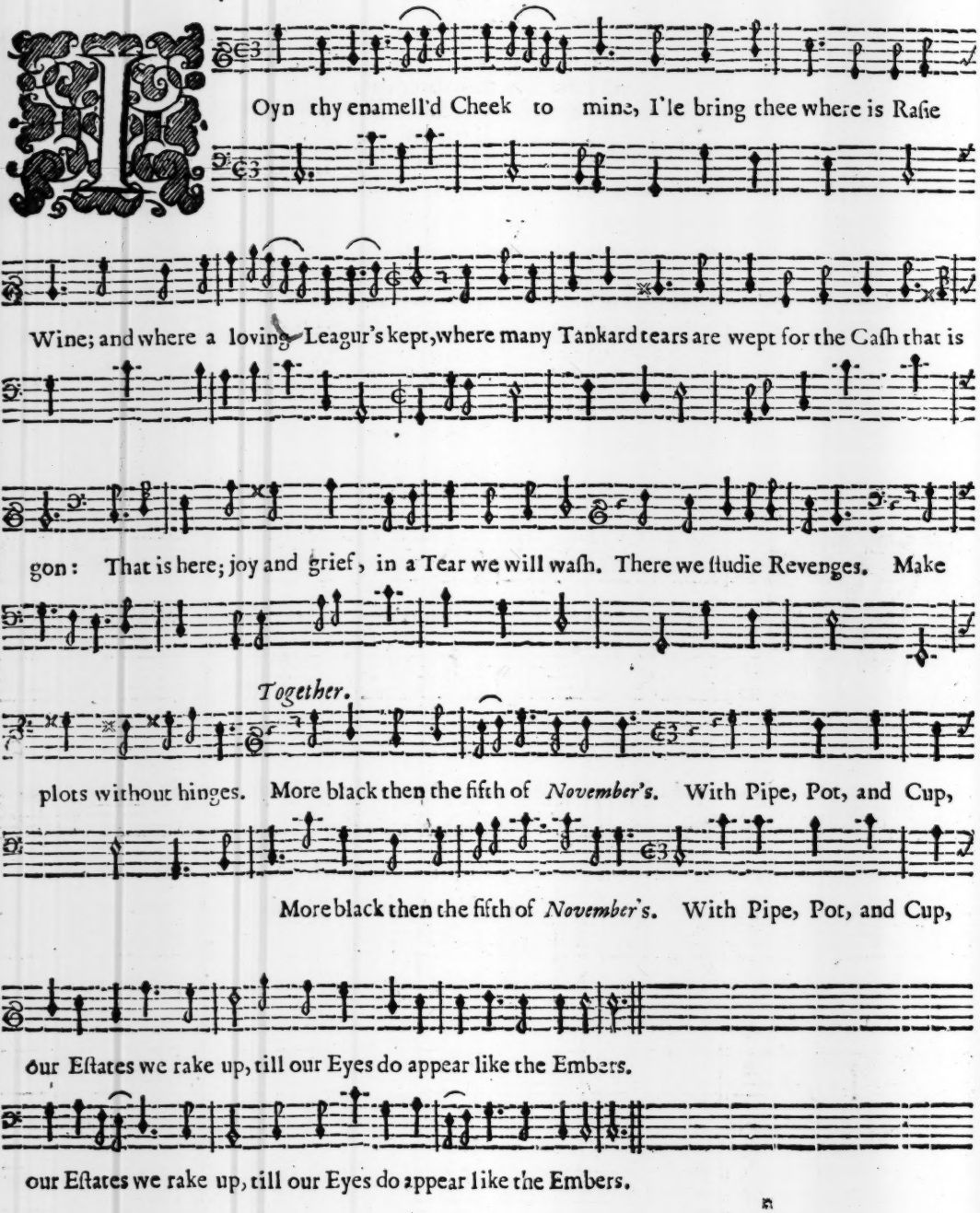
II.

If he in time obtain the Charitie
Of a kind Kiſs,
The touch of the warm Snow-balls on her Breſt,
And all the reſt;
Such Favours heighten his deſire,
And do increaſe, not quench the fire.

III.

If ſhe yield up her honnour to his will,
He'l covet ſtill;
Another Face inviteth him to trie
Varietie,
No ſweets of love can ſatisfie
A wanton Curioſitie.

Sacks Flavour.



II.

There with a Sack-incenſed Face,
In ſpeckled State and flaming Grace,
With dabbl'd Doublet doth appear
The Corall front of Caveleer
With a Bole:
Full of Sack, ſuch as can
In the moſt dying man
Raiſe a Soul.

And forbids any venter
The Leagure to enter,
Or neer it commit ſuch a Treſpaſs;
If his Cheeks do not ſhine,
With the bloud of the Vine,
And his Noſtrils do look like a Reſpaſs.

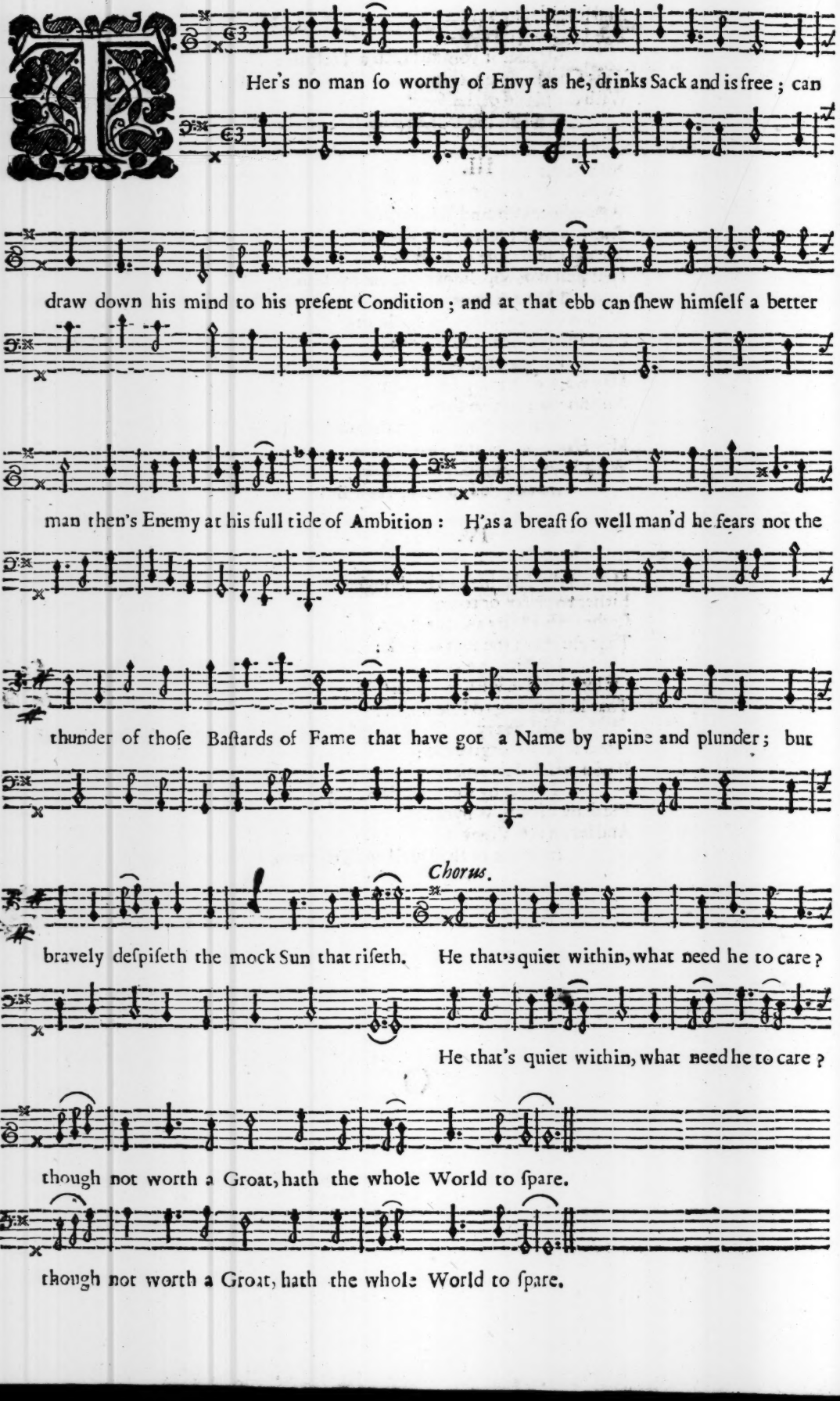
III.

In *Fletcher*'s Wit, and *Johnſon*'s Style,
There we will ſit and fret a while;
Curſing the puddle of their Brains
That pull'd down Grapes, and put up Grains;
They are Foes
Who with Bag-pipes for Shalmes,
Deal in ſmal Beer and Pſalmes
Through the Noſe;
May want of drink grieve them,
And no man releive them,
Till ſcorhing inform them what Hell is;
May *Howns-ditch*, and *Tower-ditch*,
With *Shore-ditch*, and *More-ditch*,
Be empt'ed to fill up their Bellies.

IV.

May all the Ills that can be thought
Either to heavy or to hot
Light on his Belly and his Back,
That envies us the joys of Sack:
Let him dye;
Or let him live with ſo much ſtriſe,
That he may beg to loſe his life,
Till he cry
Good fellows forgive me;
If you will beleive me,
I ſwear by the Sword of a Lay-man,
I'le draw out my Whyneard,
And ſet up the Vineyard,
In ſpight of the Devil and Drayman.

The Reſolve.
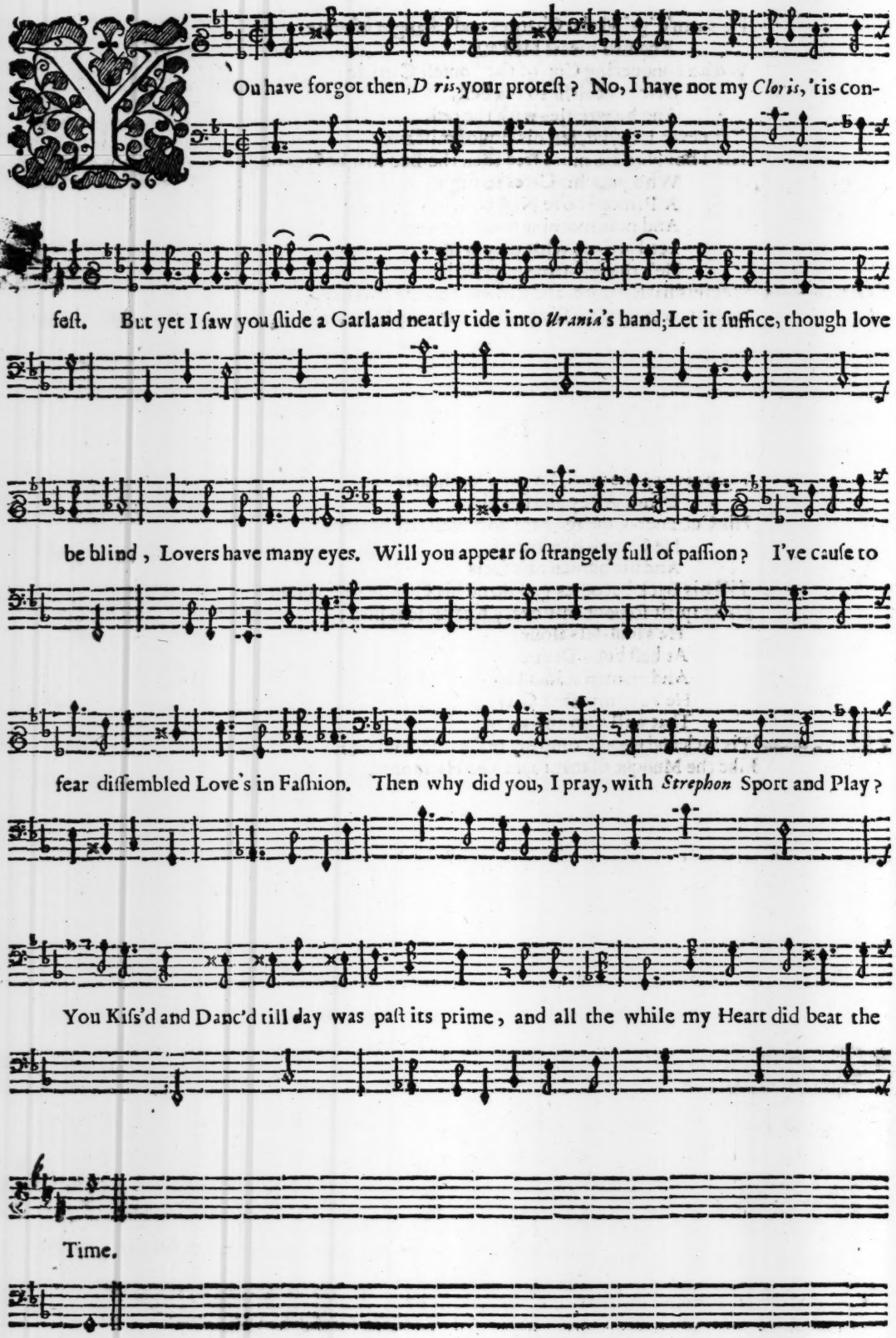

There's no man ſo worthy of Envy as he, drinks Sack and is free; can
draw down his mind to his preſent Condition; and at that ebb can ſhew himſelf a better
man then's Enemy at his full tide of Ambition: H'as a breaſt ſo well man'd he fears not the
thunder of thoſe Baſtards of Fame that have got a Name by rapine and plunder; but
Chorus.
bravely deſpiſeth the mock Sun that riſeth. He that's quiet within, what need he to care?
He that's quiet within, what need he to care?
though not worth a Groat, hath the whole World to ſpare.
though not worth a Groat, hath the whole World to ſpare.

He's arm'd 'gainſt the Chances and Changes of State,
And ſtill meets his Fate
With a conquering Cup of the ſtouteſt Canarie;
Drinks healths to the beſt,
And he wreſtles with the reſt,
Yet never is foyl'd, leſt his liquor miſcarry:
His Thoughts are more free then the Bed that he lyes on;
Who puts his Cares to flight
A Prince is o're Night,
And next morning doth riſe one;
Let Fates do what they will
He's the ſelf-ſame man ſtill.
Chorus. ——Scepters have Palſies, and Crowns too are ſhaking,
He that ſoundly doth ſleep, need not keep others waking.

III.

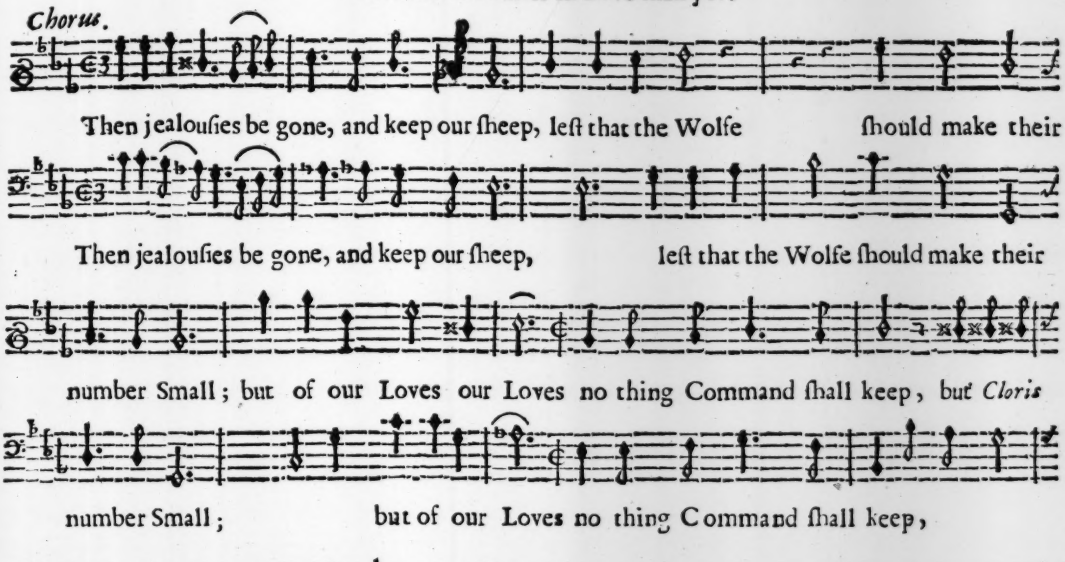
Then give us the Sack, let the Hen-hearted ſit
Drink Whey and ſubmit,
His Cucumer-Courage nere does well till beaten;
He Camel-like kneels,
And his burden ne'r feels
Till his Back becomes gall'd, and his Carcaſe near eaten:
Ha's a ſpirit ſo poor that every Knave rides him;
He's ſoul-leſs alone,
At beſt but a Drone,
And no man abides him;
He's a compact of Clay
That will turn any away:
Chorus. ——'Tis Sack and good Company makes the Soul free,
Like the Muſique of that there's no Harmonie.

A Dialogue between Cloris *and* Doris.

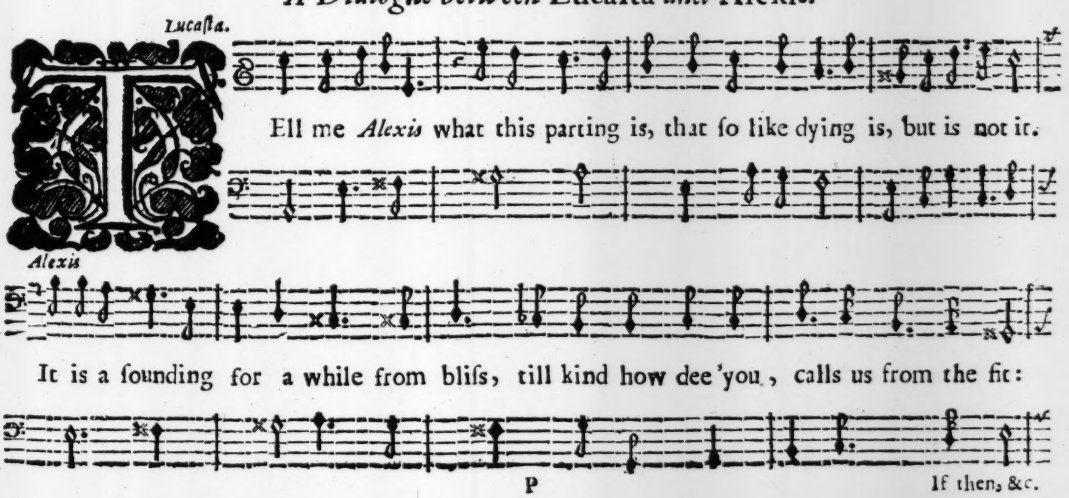


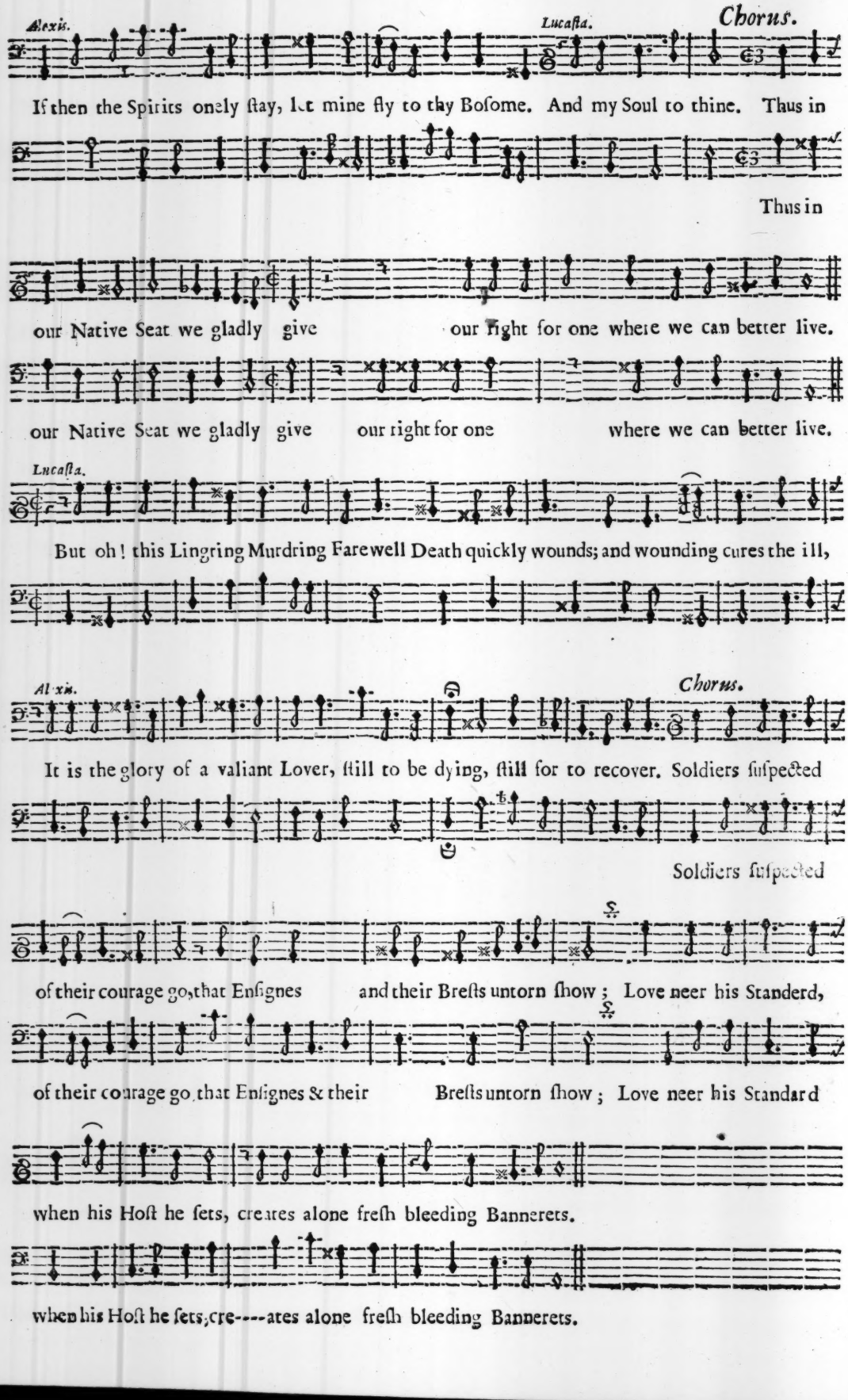
II.

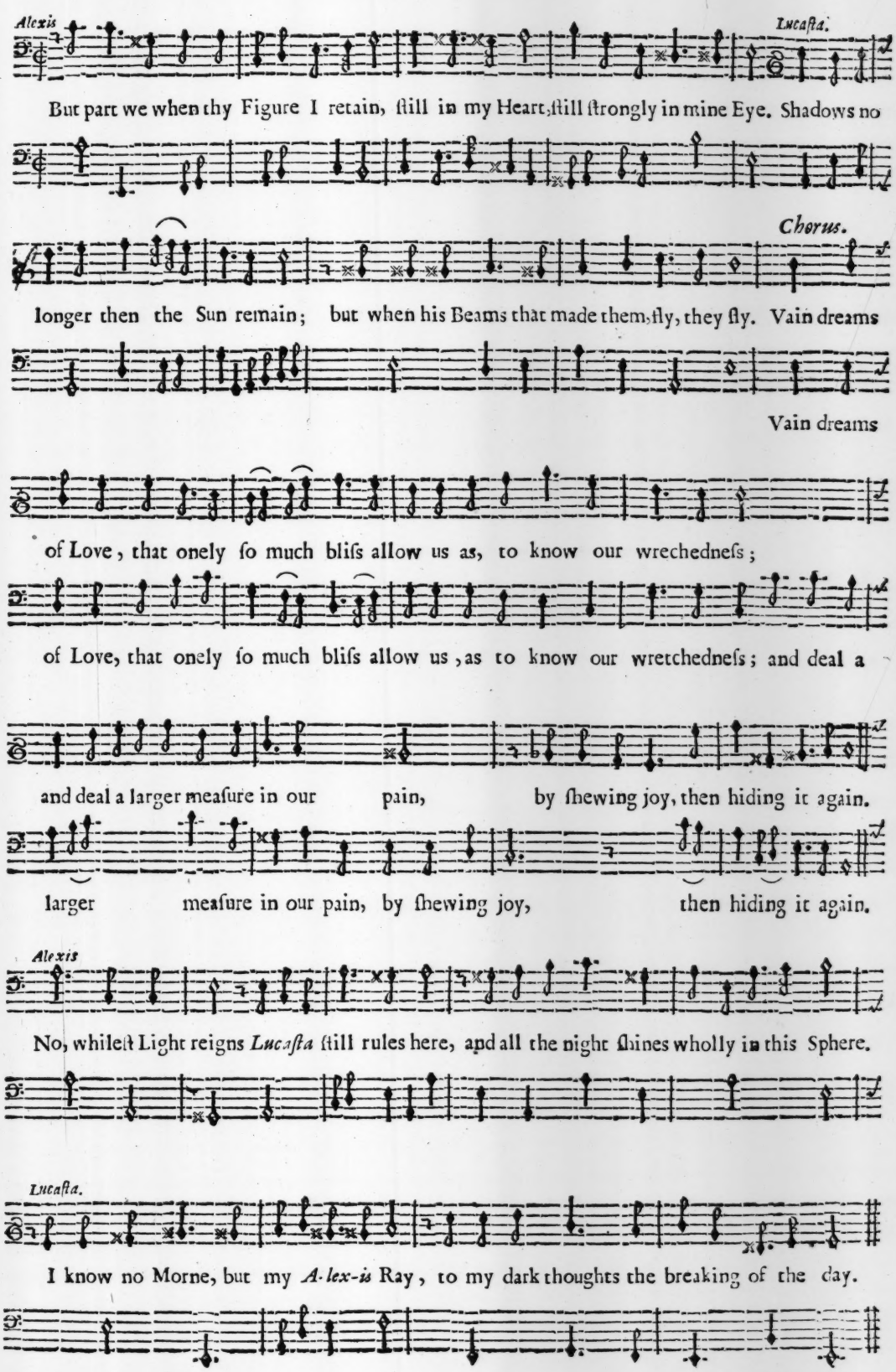
Clo. —— May I not dance, or harmleſly be kiſt?
Do. —— So I may chance give Garlands, if I liſt.
Clo. —— But when you are ſo free,
Me thinks you ſteal from me
For every Lover, will this Text approve
There's Charity in all things, but in Love?
Do. —— That day the ſtorm fell to be true you ſwore.
Clo. —— But when the Sun did ſhine, you vow'd much more.
Do. —— Thoſe conſtant vows I made,
Were by your ſelf betray'd;
For I am taught to know, it is my due
To be no faithfuller in Love than you.



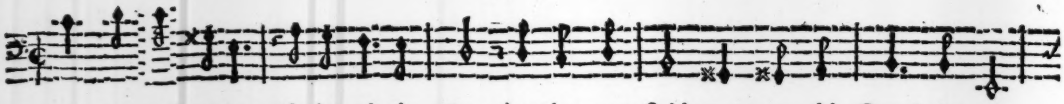
A Dialogue between Lucaſta *and* Alexis.




Alexis.
Lucasta.
Chorus.
If then the Spirits onely stay, let mine fly to thy Bosome. And my Soul to thine. Thus in
Thus in
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.
Lucasta.
But oh! this Lingring Murdring Farewell Death quickly wounds; and wounding cures the ill,
Alexis.
Chorus.
It is the glory of a valiant Lover, still to be dying, still for to recover. Soldiers suspected
Soldiers suspected
of their courage go, that Ensignes and their Brests untorn show; Love neer his Standerd,
of their courage go, that Ensignes & their Brests untorn show; Love neer his Standard
when his Host he sets, creates alone fresh bleeding Bannerets.
when his Host he sets; cre----ates alone fresh bleeding Bannerets.


Alexis
Lucaſta.
But part we when thy Figure I retain, ſtill in my Heart, ſtill ſtrongly in mine Eye. Shadows no
Chorus.
longer then the Sun remain; but when his Beams that made them, fly, they fly. Vain dreams
Vain dreams
of Love, that onely ſo much bliſs allow us as, to know our wrechedneſs;
of Love, that onely ſo much bliſs allow us, as to know our wretchedneſs; and deal a
and deal a larger meaſure in our pain, by ſhewing joy, then hiding it again.
larger meaſure in our pain, by ſhewing joy, then hiding it again.
Alexis
No, whileſt Light reigns *Lucaſta* ſtill rules here, and all the night ſhines wholly in this Sphere.
Lucaſta.
I know no Morne, but my *A-lex-is* Ray, to my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.
Chorus again. Vain Dreams, &c.

Alexis.



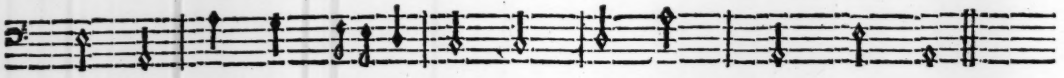
So in each other, if the pitying Sun thus keep us fix'd, ne'r may his Courſe be run.



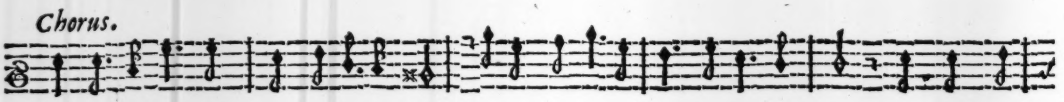
Lucaſta.
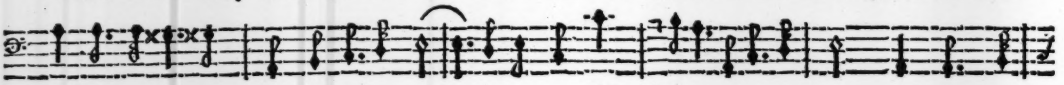


But oh! If Night us undivided make, let us ſleep ſtill, and ſleeping never wake.



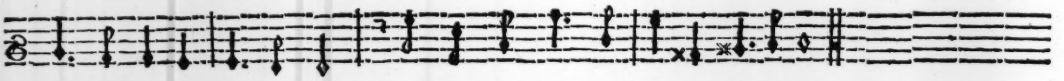
Chorus.



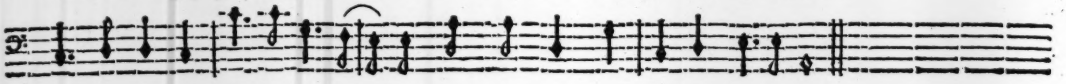
Cruel Adieus may well adjurn a while the Seſſions of a Look, a Kiſs or Smile; and leave be-



Cruel Adieus may well adjurn a while the Seſſions of a Look, a Kiſs or Smile; and leave be-

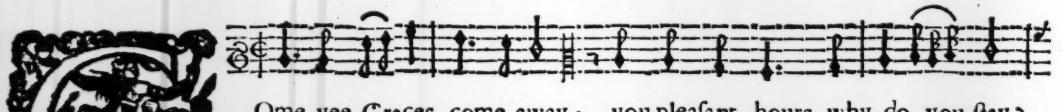


hind an angry grieving bluſh; but Time nor Fate can part us joyned thus.

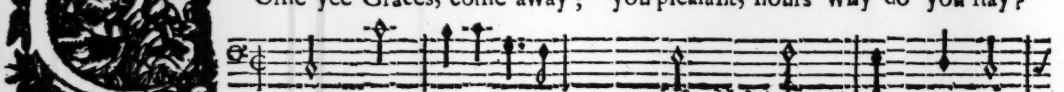


hind an angry grieving bluſh; but Time nor Fate can part us joyned thus.
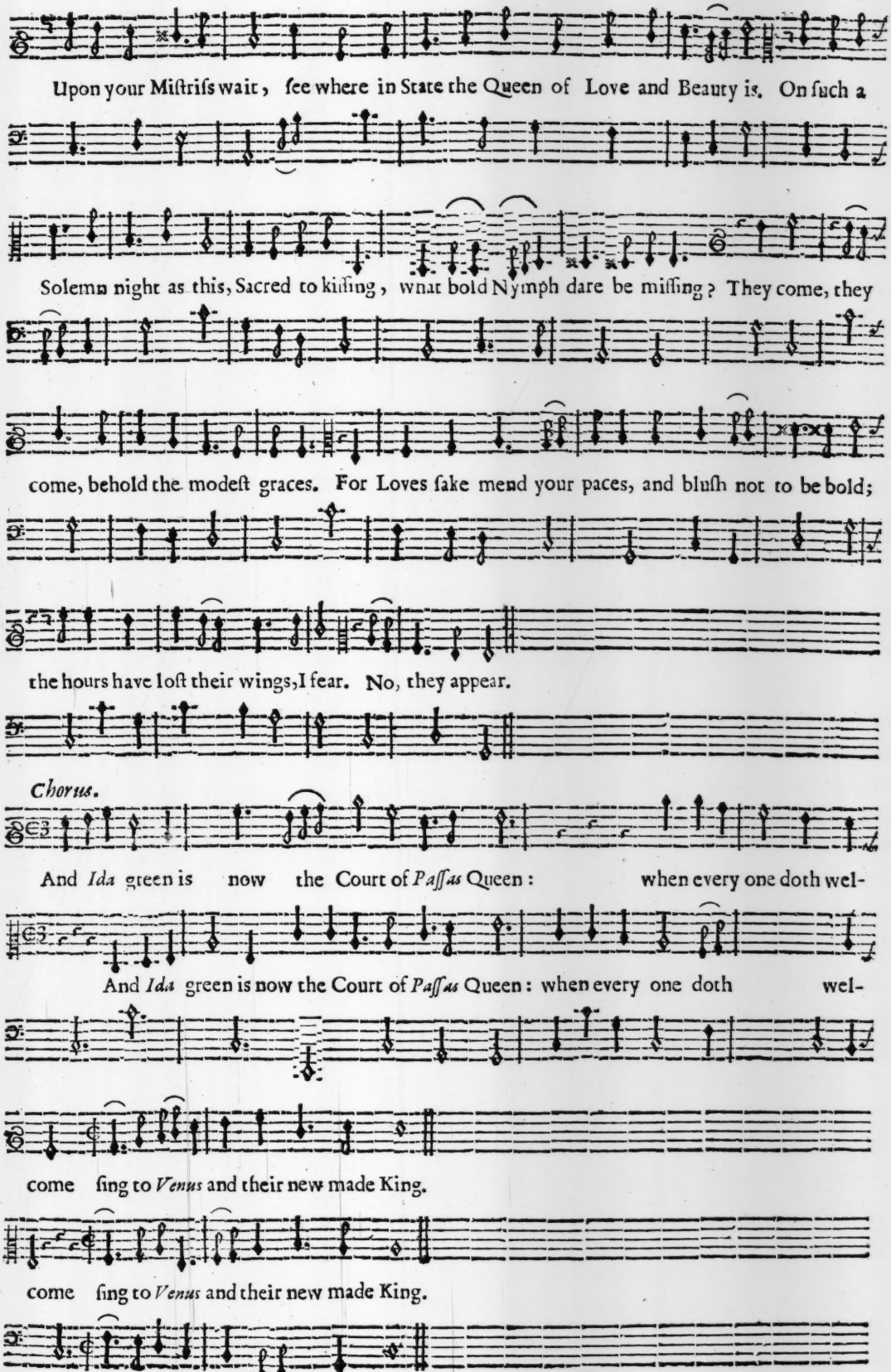
A Paſtoral Dialogue.



Ome yee Graces, come away; you pleaſant, hours why do you ſtay?



Upon


Upon your Miſtriſs wait, ſee where in State the Queen of Love and Beauty is. On ſuch a
Solemn night as this, Sacred to kiſſing, what bold Nymph dare be miſſing? They come, they
come, behold the modeſt graces. For Loves ſake mend your paces, and bluſh not to be bold;
the hours have loſt their wings, I fear. No, they appear.
Chorus.
And Ida green is now the Court of Paſſas Queen: when every one doth wel-
And Ida green is now the Court of Paſſas Queen: when every one doth wel-
come ſing to Venus and their new made King.
come ſing to Venus and their new made King.

Lilly *Contemn'd.*



Why art thou ſad? Our Glaſſes flow like little Rivers to the Main, and ne'r a

man here hath a Shrew, what need'ſt thou then complain? Then Boyes mind your Glaſs, and let

all News paſs, that treats not of this our Canary. Let Lawyers fear their Fate. In the turn of the State.

Chorus.

We ſuffer if this do miſcarry: 'Tis this will preſerve us 'gainſt *Lilly*'s predictions, and

We ſuffer if this do miſcarry: 'Tis this will preſerve us 'gainſt *Lilly*'s predictions, and

make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

'Tis

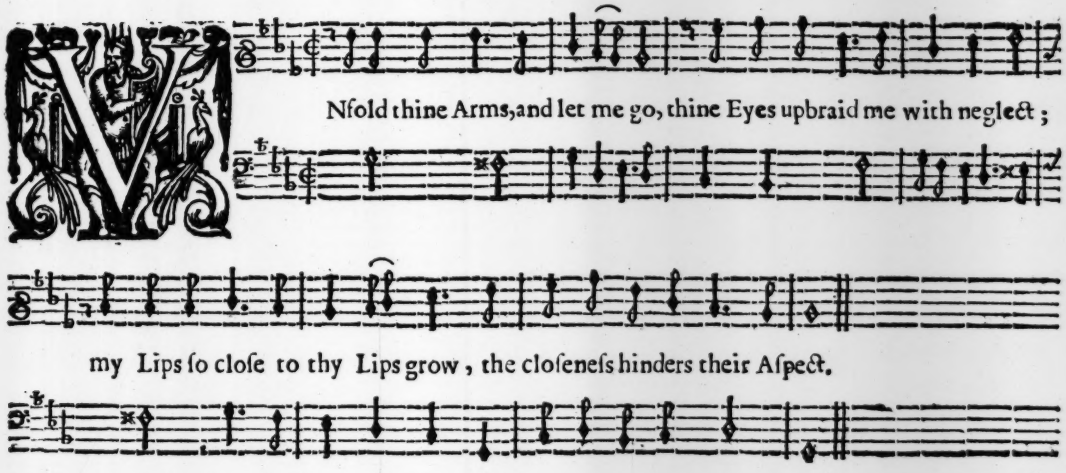
II.

'Tis this maintains the City Ruff,
And lines the Aldermen with Furr;
It makes the Watchmen ſtiff and tuff
To call, Where go you Sir?
'Tis this doth advance
The Cap of Maintenance,
And keeps the Sword ſleeping or waking;
It Courage doth raiſe
In ſuch men now a dayes,
That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching.
Chorus. ——'Tis this doth infuſe in a Miſer ſome pity,
And is the Genius and Soul of the City.

III.

Then why ſhould we deſpair, or think
The Enemy approacheth nere?
Let ſuch as never uſe to drink
Sack, be enſlav'd to Fear:
Then to get Honour,
And that waits on her,
Strange Titles Illuſtrious and Mighty,
We'l have a ſmart Bout,
Shall ſpeak us men and ſtout,
And I'le be the firſt that ſhall fight ye.
Chorus. ——He that ſtifly can ſtand to't, and hath the beſt Brain;
Shall be ſtyl'd Son of *Mars*, and God of the Main.

Loves Charm.



II.

We firſt ſay they found out her face,
And to thy wandring heart made known
The purchaſe of ſo ſweet a place,
To make a dwelling of its own.

III.

When men a building do erect,
They give not Drudges ſo much pay
As they do to the Architect,
Who did the firſt foundation lay.
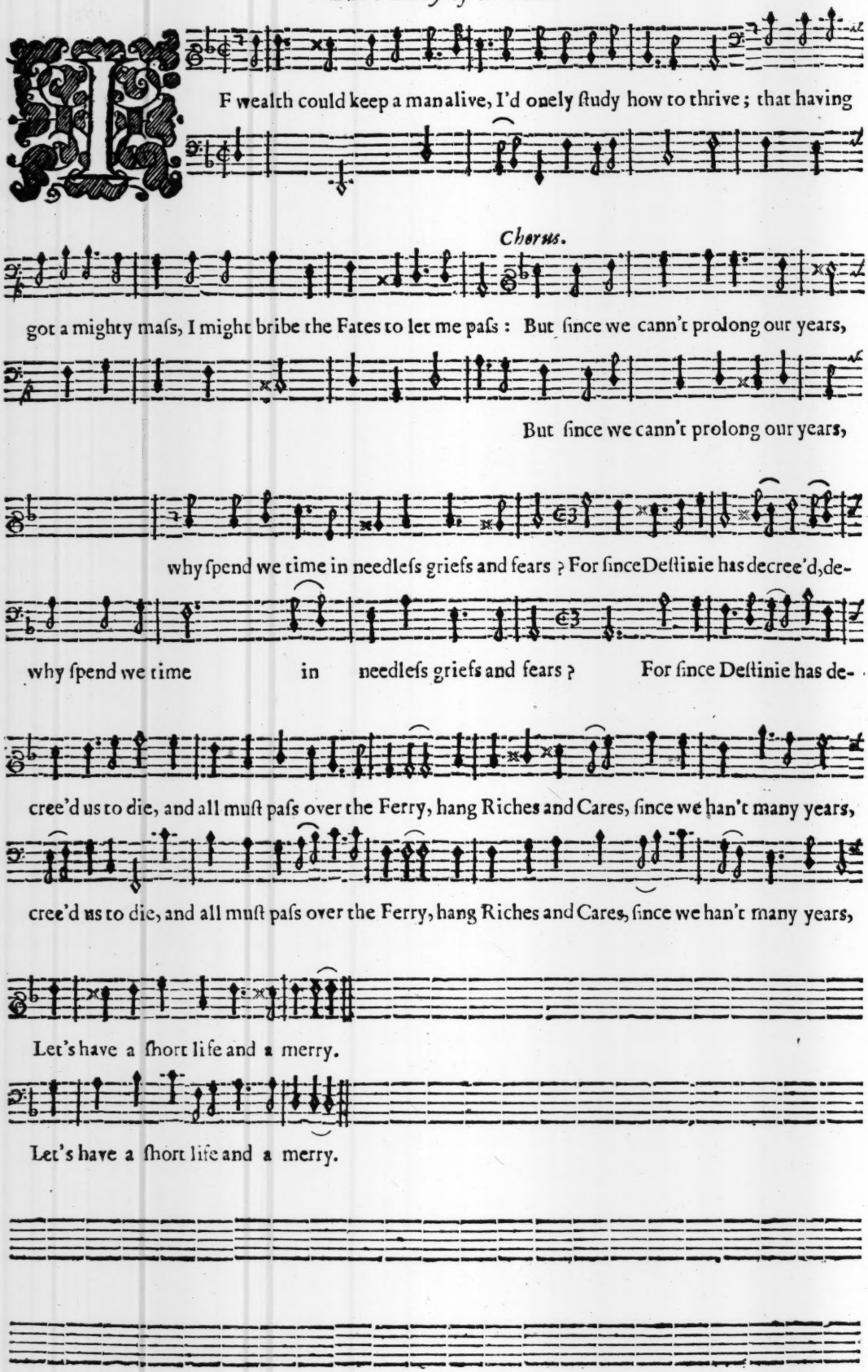
IV.

Compar'd with us, what vertue hath
Each other ſenſe; ſince if it muſt
Alwayes rely upon our faith
To take Beauty upon truſt.

V.

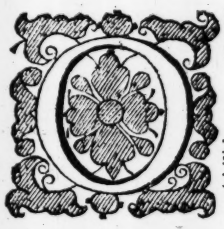
Oh! Eyes: why do you thus complain?
We dare not rob you of your due;
For our Imbraces onely aim
To humble every ſenſe to you.

The Vanity of Wealth.



Times keep their round, and Deſtinie
Obſerves not whe'r we laugh or crie;
And Fortune never does beſtow
A look on what we do below:
But men with equal labour run,
Either t'enrich themſelves, or be undon.
Since we can take no courſe
To be better or worſe,
Let none be a melancholly thinker;
Let the times their round go,
So the Cups do ſo too,
Never bluſh at the name of a Drinker.

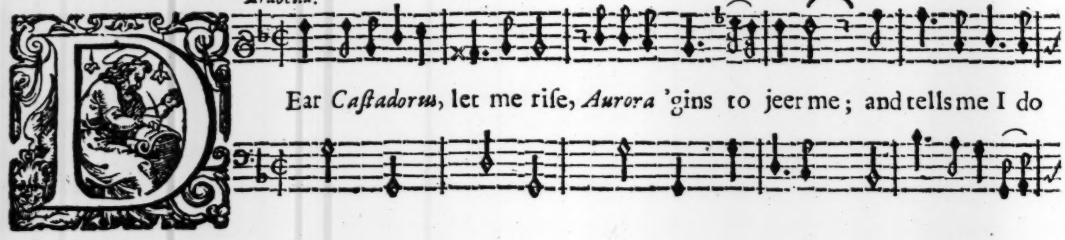
Muſick being heard in the dead Seaſon of the Night.



Stella, heark; How ſweetly doth the ſound of Muſick in our Ears reſound?
how 'tis advanced by the Night, whoſe ſilence adds unto delight? Our ſenſes dead as Night are
by the vertue of its Harmony ſtir'd, and rev iv'd; who friſk and play like wanton Kids in th'
dawn of day; one Voyce doth now more comfort bring, then the whole Quire of Birds in th'
Spring; it comes to viſit us, like that rare thing in man ſo wondred at. Friendſhip, to ſet our
Spirits free, when thrall'd in Fortunes Slaverie.

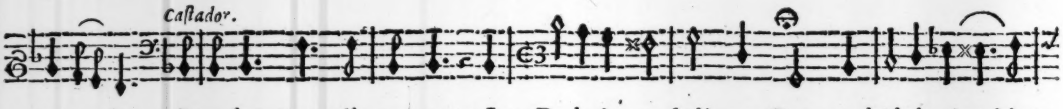
A Dialogue between Caſtadorus *and* Arabella.

Arabella.
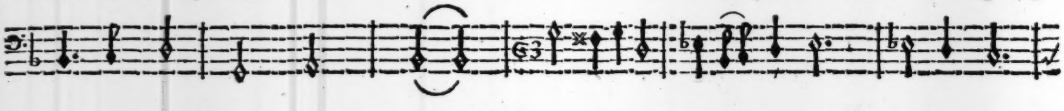


Ear *Caſtadorus*, let me riſe, *Aurora* 'gins to jeer me; and tells me I do

Caſtador.

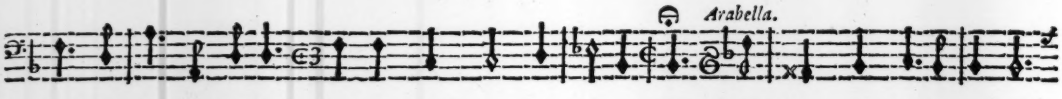


wantonize. I prethee Sweet lie neer me: Let Red *Aurora* ſmile my Dear, and *Phebus* laughing



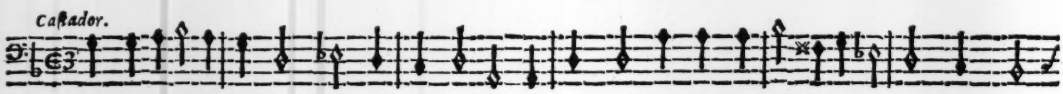
follow; thou onely art *Au-ro--ra* here, let me be thy *Apollo*: It is to envy at our bliſs, that

Arabella.



they do riſe before us; Is their ſuch hurt in this, or this. Nay fye, why *Caſta--do-rus.*

Caſtador.



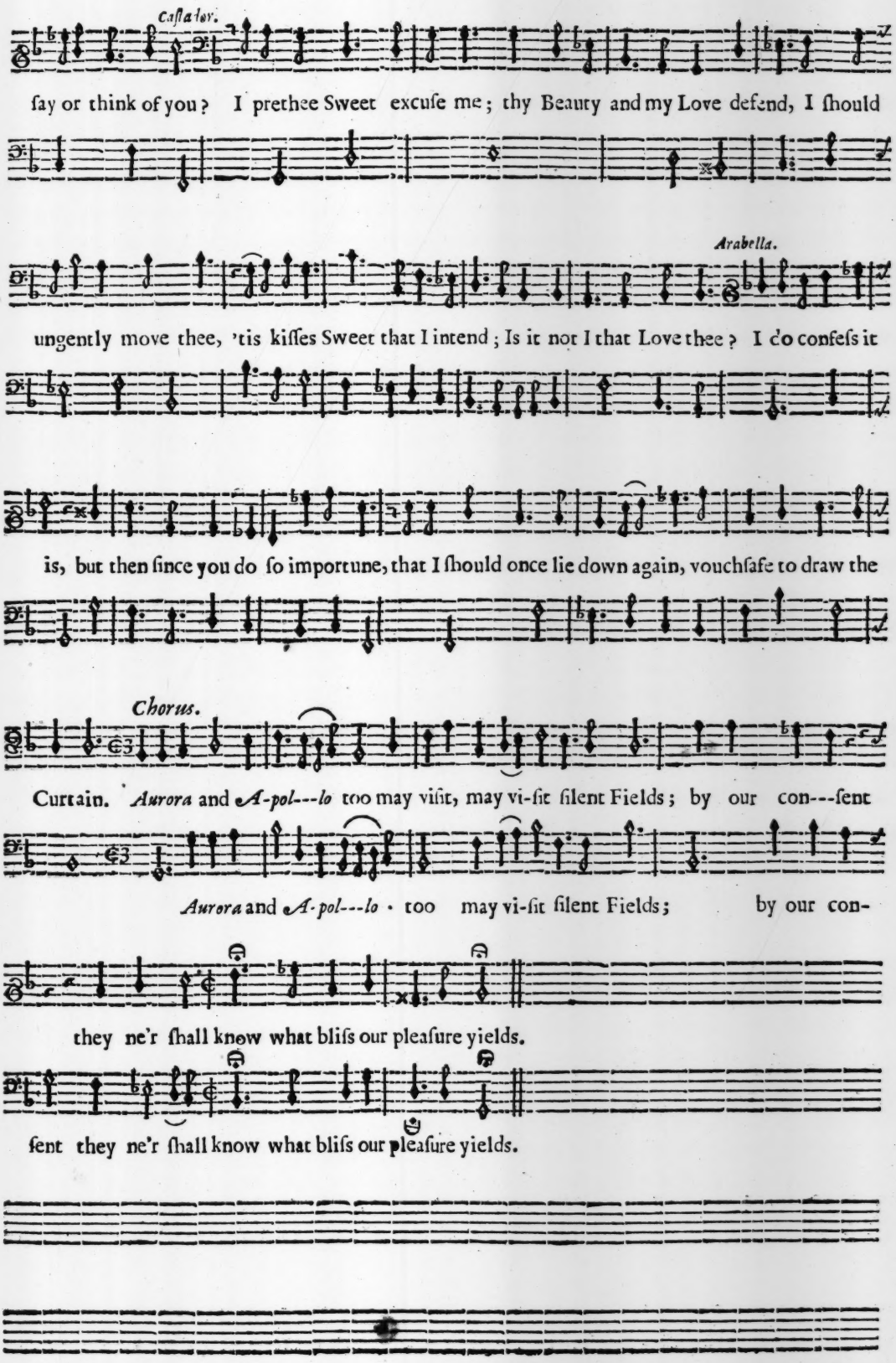
What *Arabella*, can one night of Loving dallying tire you? I could lye ever if I might, one hour

Arabella.



let me deſire you. Nay, Fie; You hurt me, let me go, if you ſo roughly uſe me, what can I




Caſſander.
ſay or think of you? I prethee Sweet excuſe me; thy Beauty and my Love defend, I ſhould
Arabella.
ungently move thee, 'tis kiſſes Sweet that I intend; Is it not I that Love thee? I do confeſs it
is, but then ſince you do ſo importune, that I ſhould once lie down again, vouchſafe to draw the
Chorus.
Curtain. Aurora and A-pol---lo too may viſit, may vi-ſit ſilent Fields; by our con---ſent
Aurora and A-pol---lo · too may vi-ſit ſilent Fields; by our con-
they ne'r ſhall know what bliſs our pleaſure yields.
ſent they ne'r ſhall know what bliſs our pleaſure yields.

A Paſtoral Dialogue.



Nymph.

Ly, Fly good ***Shepherd,*** haſt away, the Wood's beſet; come

Shepherd.

take this way, leſt that thou loſe that Life which I could dye for ſo contentedly. Oh! no, oh!

Nimph. *Shep.*

no, my Dear I cannot Fly. Then I perceive 'tis I muſt dye. Wrong not my Courage,

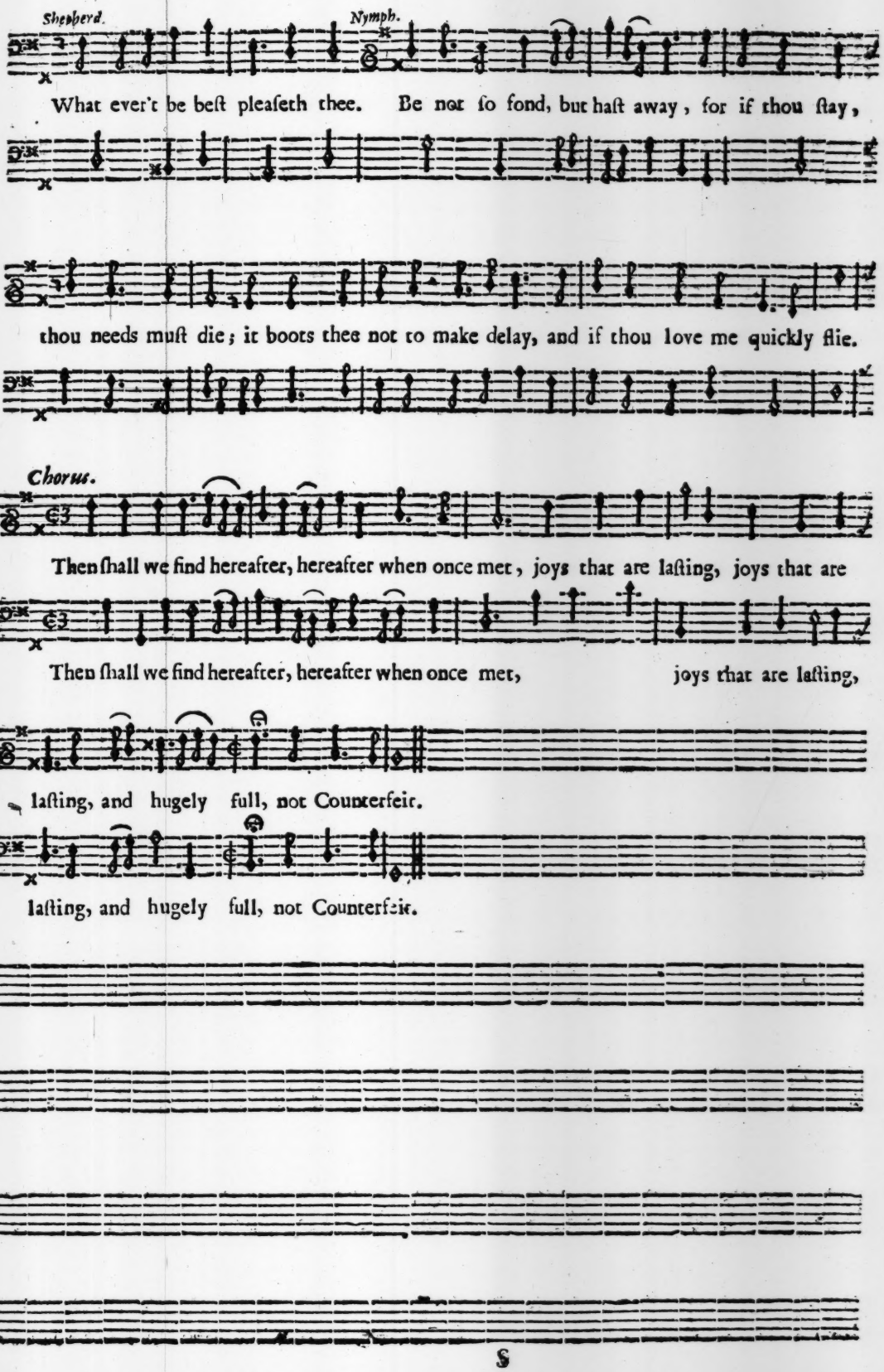
nor my Love, nor let thy Fears my Ruine prove. Ile not depart, though for it I do ſoundly ſmart.

Nymph. *Shepherd.* *Nimph.*
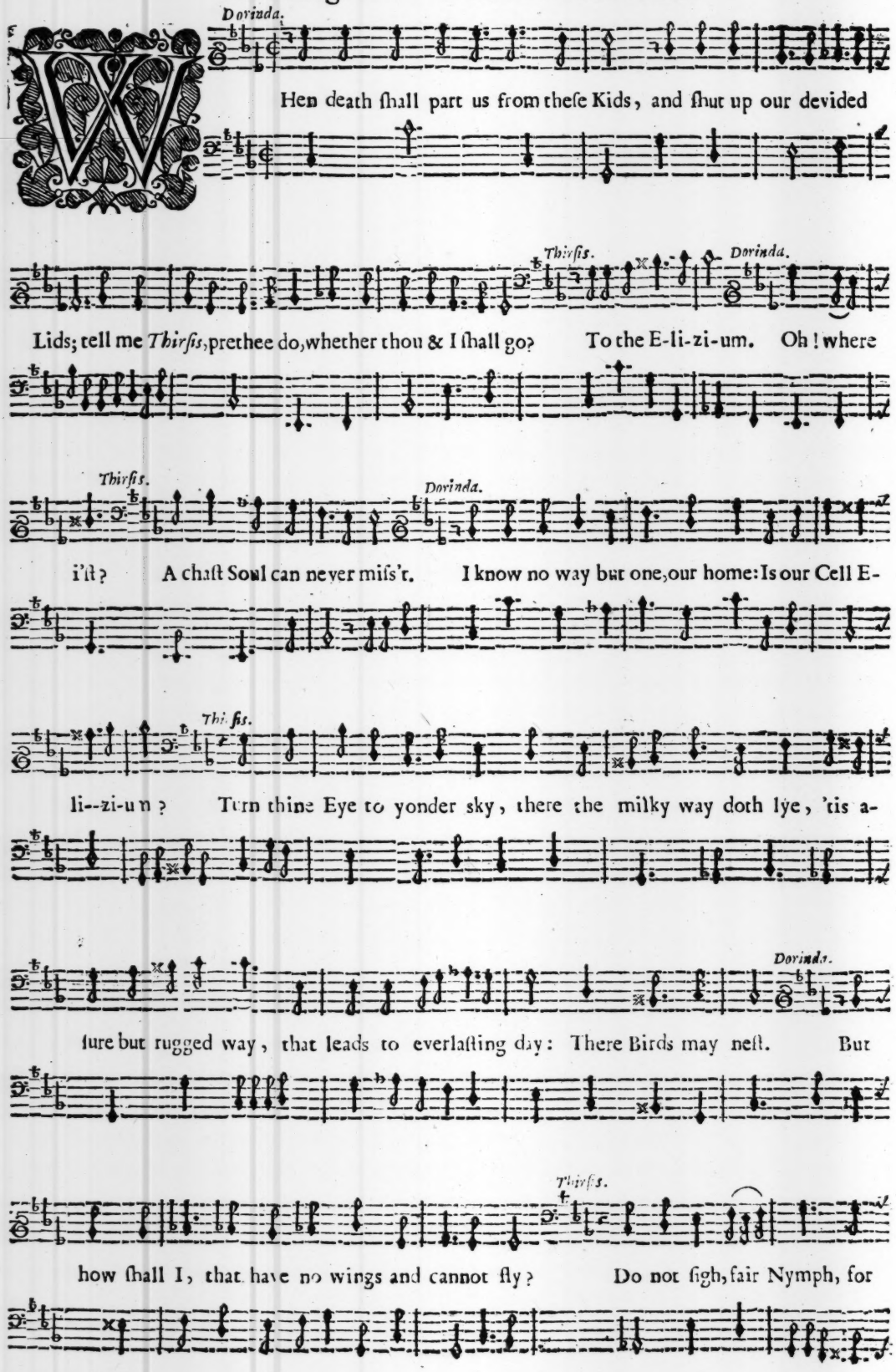
Prethee begone, here comes in arms a mighty throng. What's that to mee. Oh! lovely
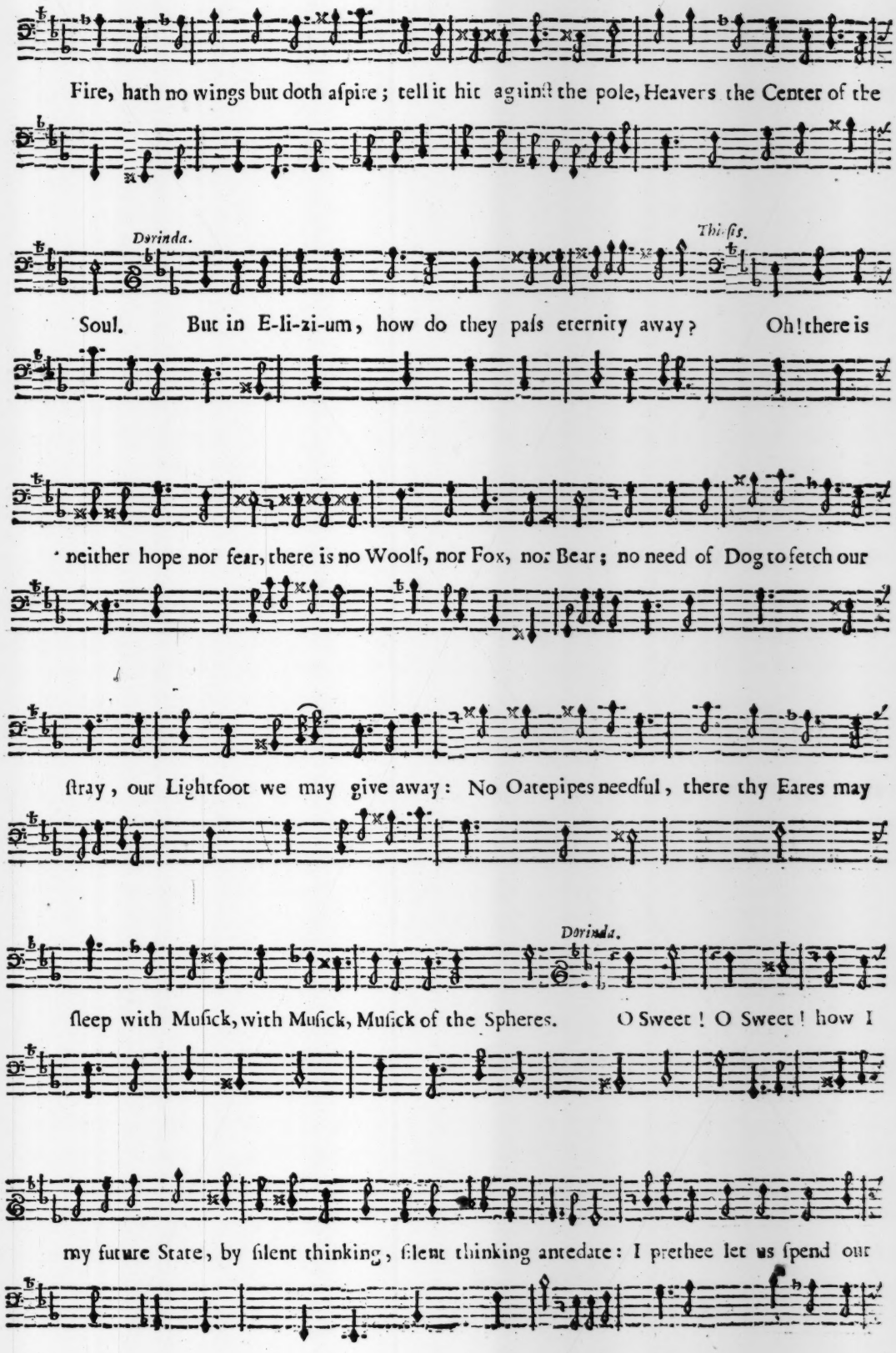
Shep. *Nymph.*
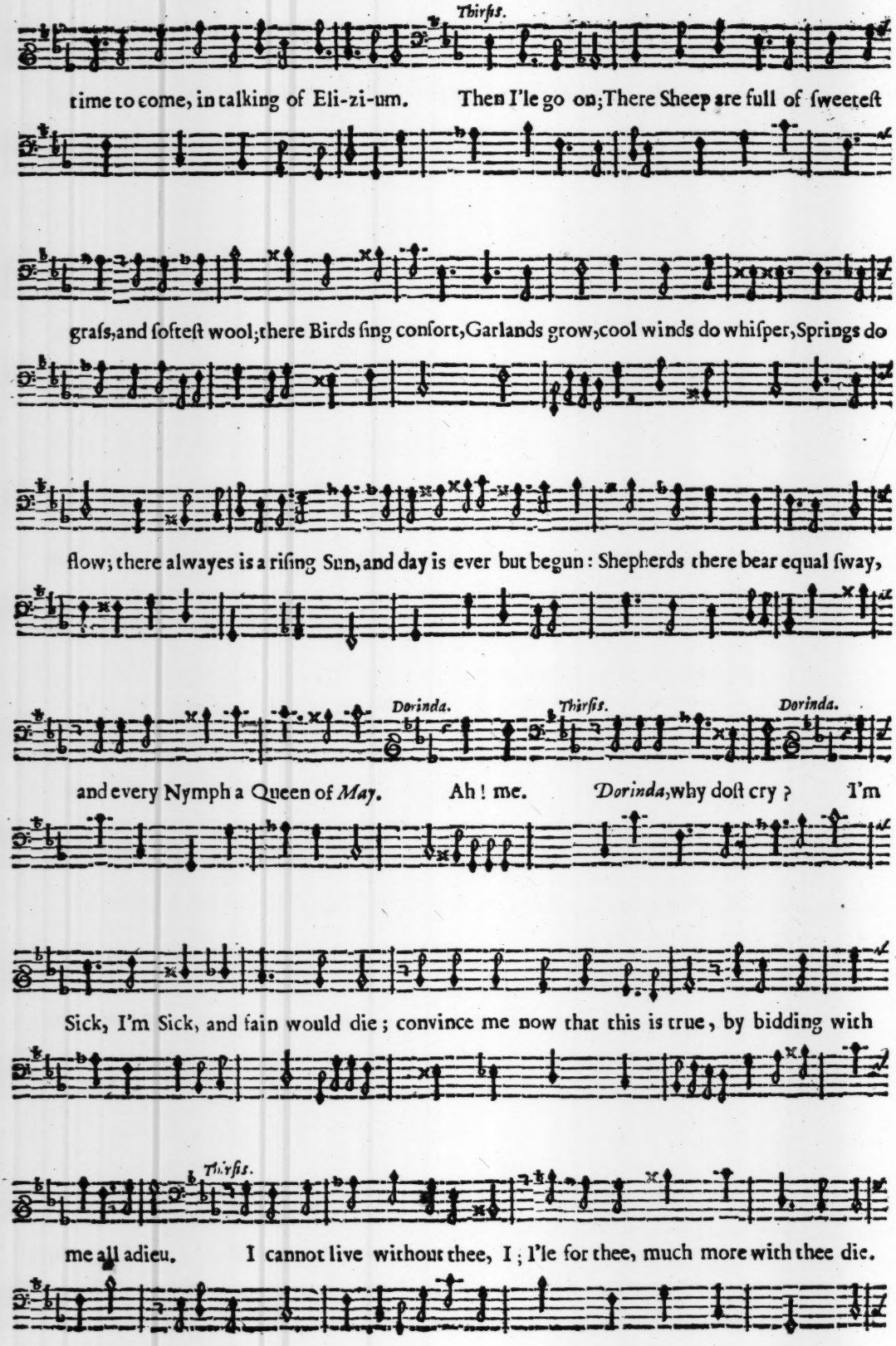
Shepherd prethee flee. Sing firſt a ſong; and then perchance I may begone. What ſhall it be?


Shepherd.
Nymph.
What ever't be beſt pleaſeth thee. Be not ſo fond, but haſt away, for if thou ſtay,
thou needs muſt die; it boots thee not to make delay, and if thou love me quickly flie.
Chorus.
Then ſhall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are laſting, joys that are
Then ſhall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are laſting,
laſting, and hugely full, not Counterfeit.
laſting, and hugely full, not Counterfeit.
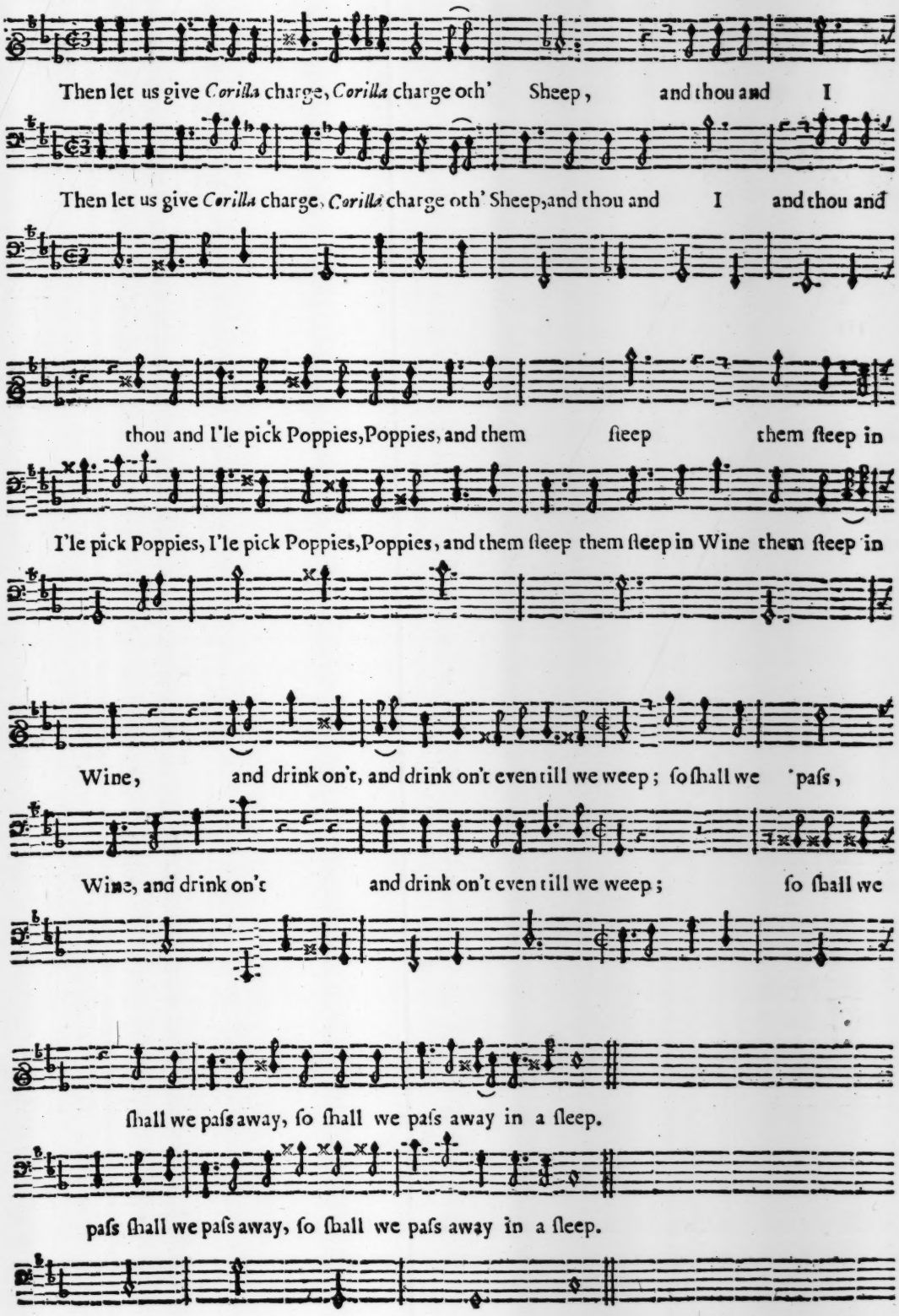
A Dialogue between Thirſis *and* Dorinda.



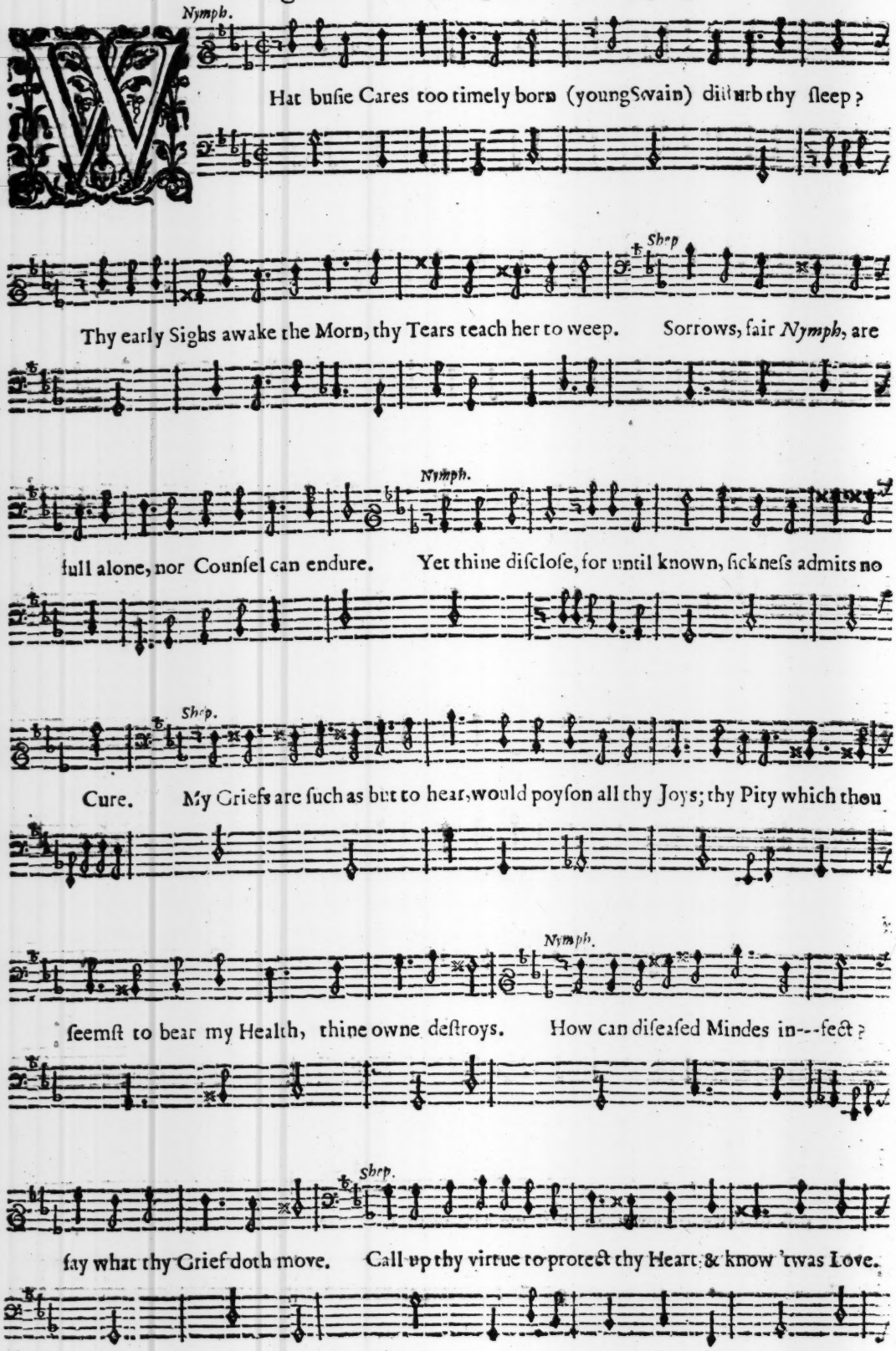

Fire, hath no wings but doth aſpire; tell it hit againſt the pole, Heavers the Center of the
Dorinda.
Thiſis.
Soul. But in E-li-zi-um, how do they paſs eternity away? Oh! there is
neither hope nor fear, there is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; no need of Dog to fetch our
ſtray, our Lightfoot we may give away: No Oatepipes needful, there thy Eares may
Dorinda.
ſleep with Muſick, with Muſick, Muſick of the Spheres. O Sweet! O Sweet! how I
my future State, by ſilent thinking, ſilent thinking antedate: I prethee let us ſpend our
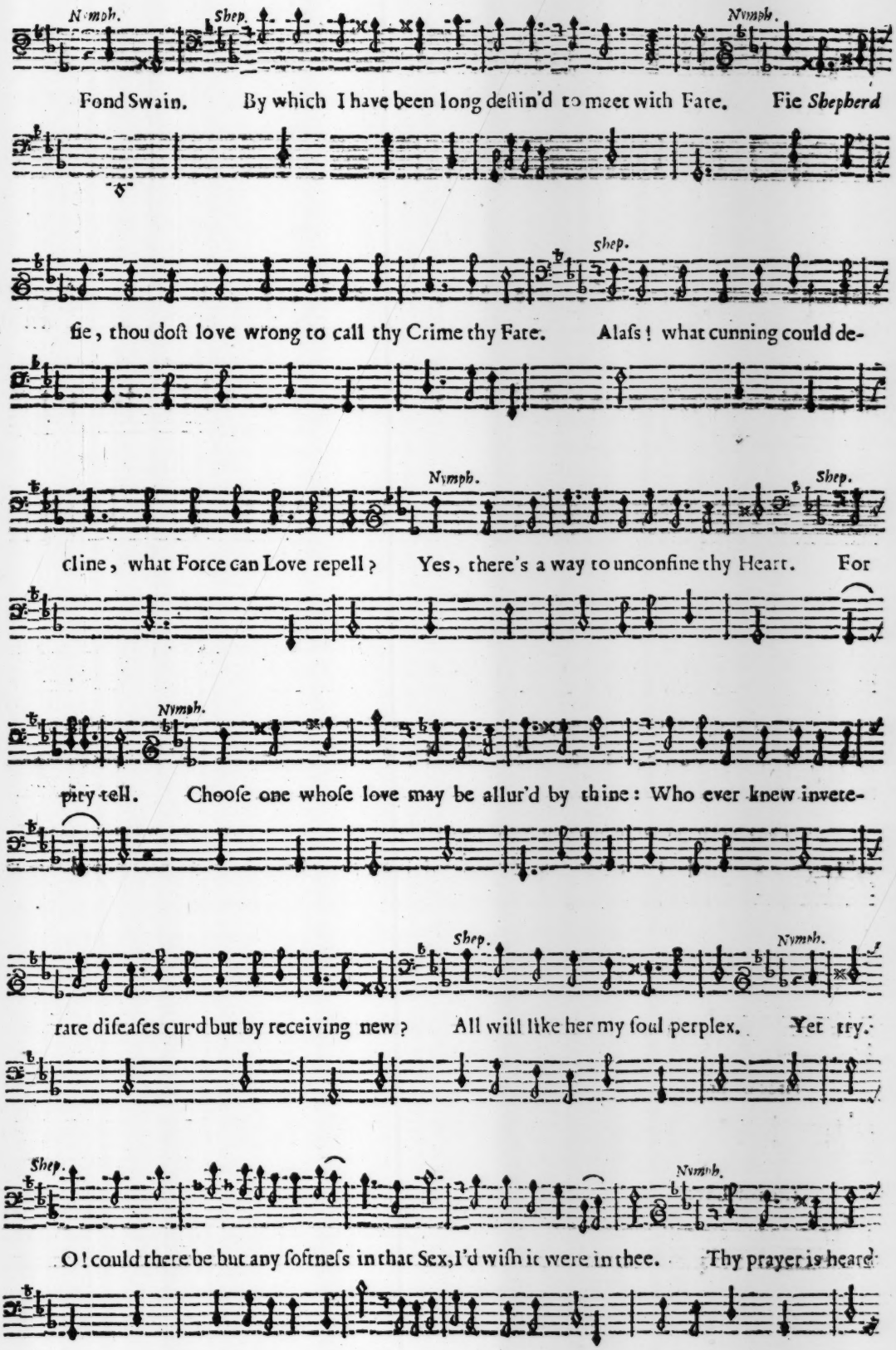

Thirſis.
time to come, in talking of Eli-zi-um. Then I'le go on; There Sheep are full of ſweeteſt
graſs, and ſofteſt wool; there Birds ſing conſort, Garlands grow, cool winds do whiſper, Springs do
flow; there alwayes is a riſing Sun, and day is ever but begun: Shepherds there bear equal ſway,
Dorinda.
Thirſis.
Dorinda.
and every Nymph a Queen of *May*. Ah! me. *Dorinda*, why doſt cry? I'm
Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would die; convince me now that this is true, by bidding with
Thirſis.
me all adieu. I cannot live without thee, I; I'le for thee, much more with thee die.
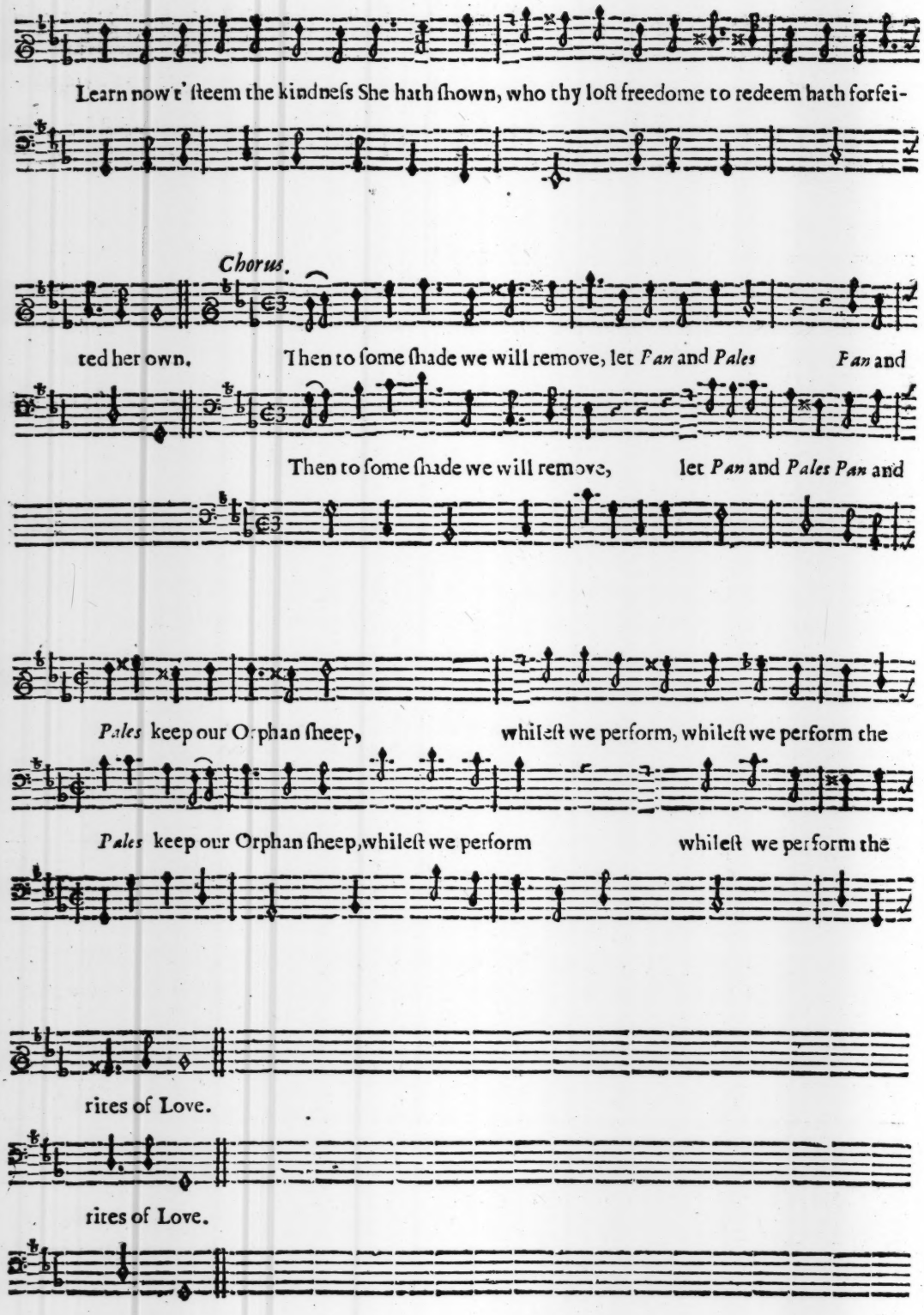
Chorus.


Then let us give *Corilla* charge, *Corilla* charge oth' Sheep, and thou and I
Then let us give *Corilla* charge, *Corilla* charge oth' Sheep, and thou and I and thou and
thou and I'le pick Poppies, Poppies, and them ſleep them ſleep in
I'le pick Poppies, I'le pick Poppies, Poppies, and them ſleep them ſleep in Wine them ſteep in
Wine, and drink on't, and drink on't even till we weep; ſo ſhall we 'paſs,
Wine, and drink on't and drink on't even till we weep; ſo ſhall we
ſhall we paſs away, ſo ſhall we paſs away in a ſleep.
paſs ſhall we paſs away, ſo ſhall we paſs away in a ſleep.

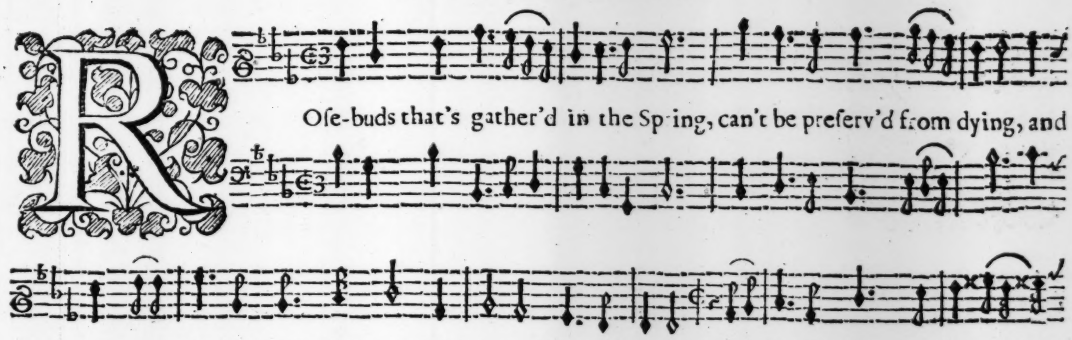
A Dialogue between a Shepherd *and a* Nymph.



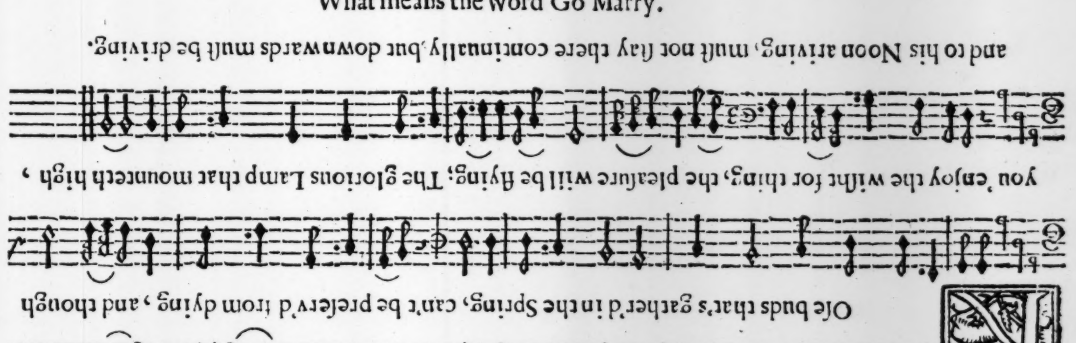

Nymph.
Shep.
Nymph.
Fond Swain. By which I have been long deſtin'd to meet with Fate. Fie *Shepherd*
Shep.
fie, thou doſt love wrong to call thy Crime thy Fate. Alaſs! what cunning could de-
Nymph.
Shep.
cline, what Force can Love repell? Yes, there's a way to unconfine thy Heart. For
Nymph.
pity tell. Chooſe one whoſe love may be allur'd by thine: Who ever knew invete-
Shep.
Nymph.
rate diſeaſes cur'd but by receiving new? All will like her my ſoul perplex. Yet try.
Shep.
Nymph.
O! could there be but any ſoftneſs in that Sex, I'd wiſh it were in thee. Thy prayer is heard


Learn now t' ſteem the kindneſs She hath ſhown, who thy loſt freedome to redeem hath forfei-
Chorus.
ted her own. Then to ſome ſhade we will remove, let Pan and Pales Pan and
Then to ſome ſhade we will remove, let Pan and Pales Pan and
Pales keep our Orphan ſheep, whileſt we perform, whileſt we perform the
Pales keep our Orphan ſheep, whileſt we perform whileſt we perform the
rites of Love.
rites of Love.

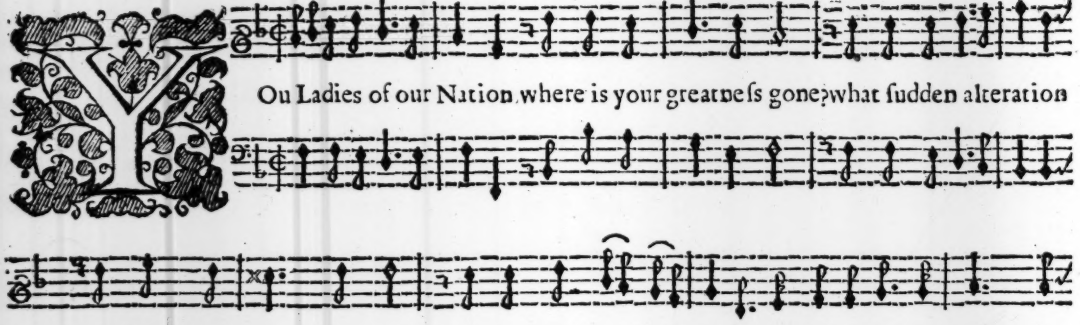
The contented Batchelor.



The last is best, for though that time
With Age and Sickness seise us;
Yet on our Crutches do we climbe
Untill a light shall ease us:
Then though I may,yet will I not
Possess me of't, but tarry;
He lives the best that hath forgot,
What means the word Go Marry.



Buſhels Myners.



Our Walls are higeſt Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Fountains,
Our dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes ſhall ne'r deny us Room.

The day we ſpend in working,
And chanting harmleſs Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And thoſe that civil War do love, we wiſh they had no tongues,
No Drums no Guns, nor what to War belongs.

We have a dreadful ſummons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They ſay cannot agree:
This harneſs is for Cedars, and no ſuch ſhrubs as we,
Yet ſtill we will pray for a unitie.

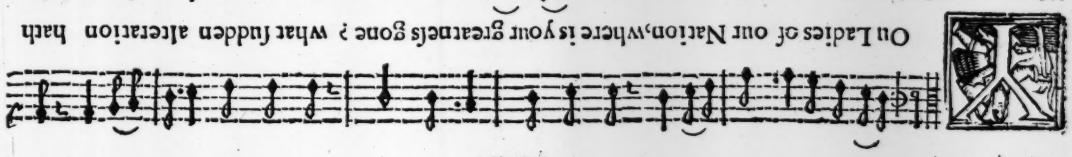
We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treaſure grows;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes:
We ſearch for ſinful Silver, that all diſſention ſowes,
Their health and wealth, men do ſo ill diſpoſe.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings;
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unleſs we ſhed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings;
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings;
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unleſs we ſhed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings;
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

The day we ſpend in working,
And chanting harmleſs Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And thoſe that civil War do love, we wiſh they had no Tongues,
No Drums no Guns, or what to War belongs.

We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treaſure grows;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes:
We ſearch for ſinful Silver, that all diſſention ſowes,
Their health and wealth men do ſo ill diſpoſe.



Fears we ever think upon.

Our Walls are highest Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Fountains,
Our dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes shall ne'r deny us Room.

We have a dreadful summons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They say cannot agree:
This harness is for Cedars and no such shrubs as we,
Yet still we will pray for a unitie.

forc'd you from your own? whilst we live here obscurely, in Cottages unknown, no Cares or

Fears we ever think upon.

Our Walls are highest Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Fountains,
Our dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes shall ne'r deny us Room.

We have a dreadful summons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They say cannot agree:
This harness is for Cedars and no such shrubs as we,
Yet still we will pray for a unitie.

forc'd you from your own? whilst we live here obscurely, in Cottages unknown, no Cares or

Fears we ever think upon.

The day we spend in working,
And chanting harmless Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And those that civil War do love, we wish they had no Tongues,
No Drums no Guns, or what to War belongs.

We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treasure growes;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes.
We search for sinful Silver, that all dissention sow's,
Their health and wealth men do so ill dispose.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings,
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings,
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

Bacchus *true Adorers.*



T's the news of the Town, that Healths are put down; Zealots

say 'tis for our eaſe; then tipple like a Sinner, at a Thankſ-giving dinner, who is drunk
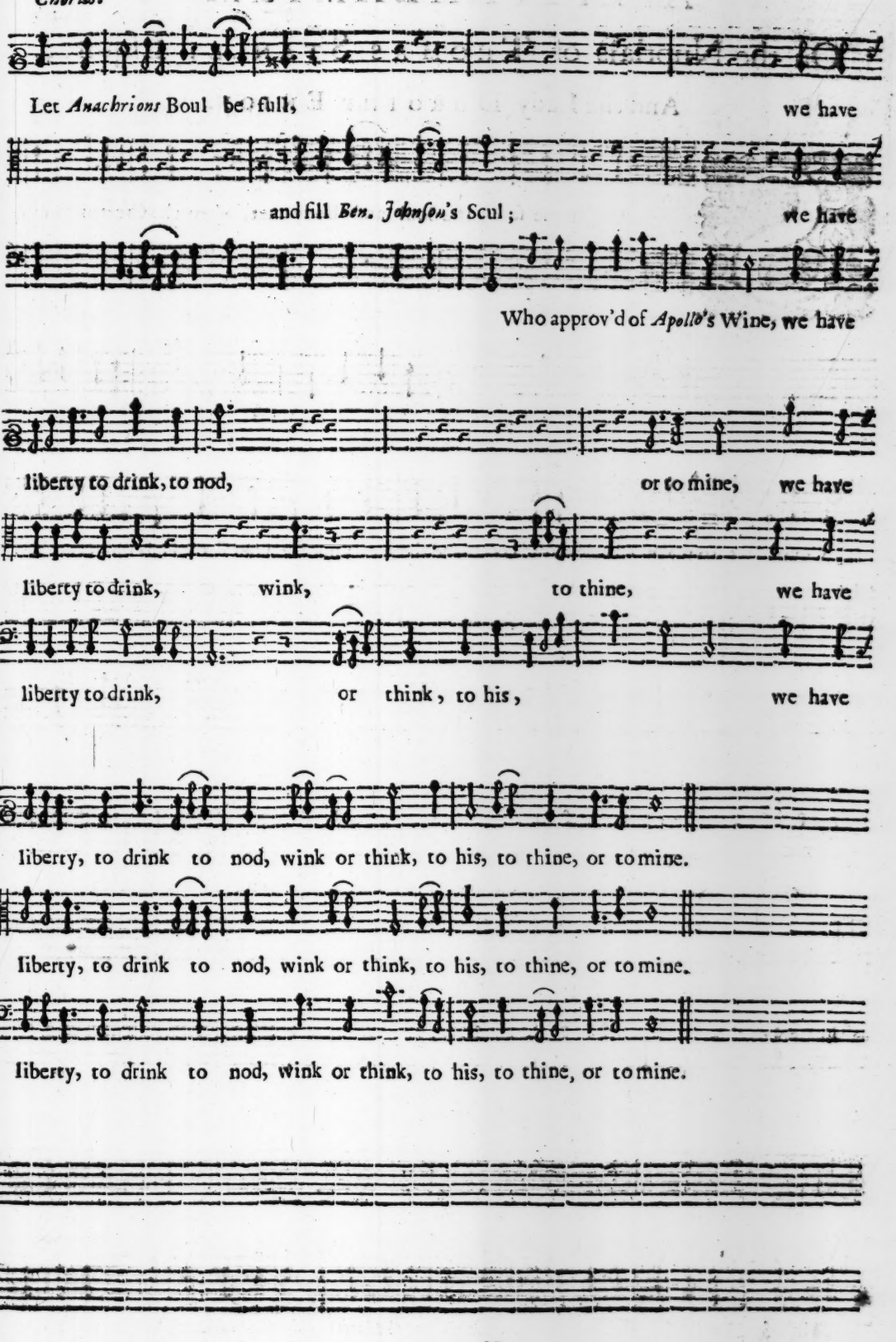
with what you pleaſe: Kind Remembrances now each good Fellow muſt alow, the Act

forbids not drinking, fill the Glaſs to the brim, and let our Fancies ſwim, none is excluded

thinking: To *Bacchus* Rites we'l pay, and on his Altar lay, both Fat Zeal, and Goats, and

Swine; then his Phrygian Horne, which Teaching Brothers ſcorn, in our thought ſhall be ſublime.

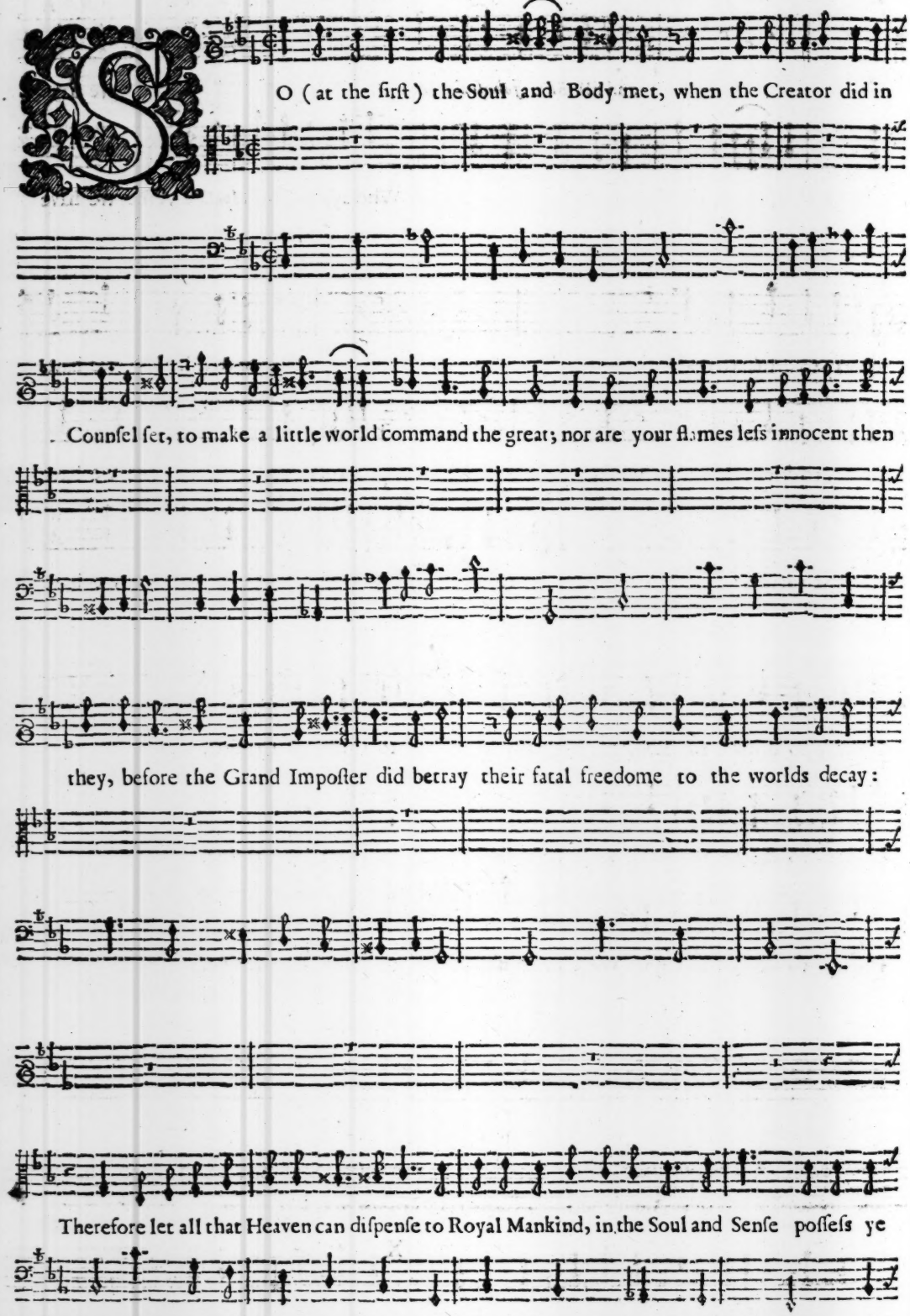
Chorus.
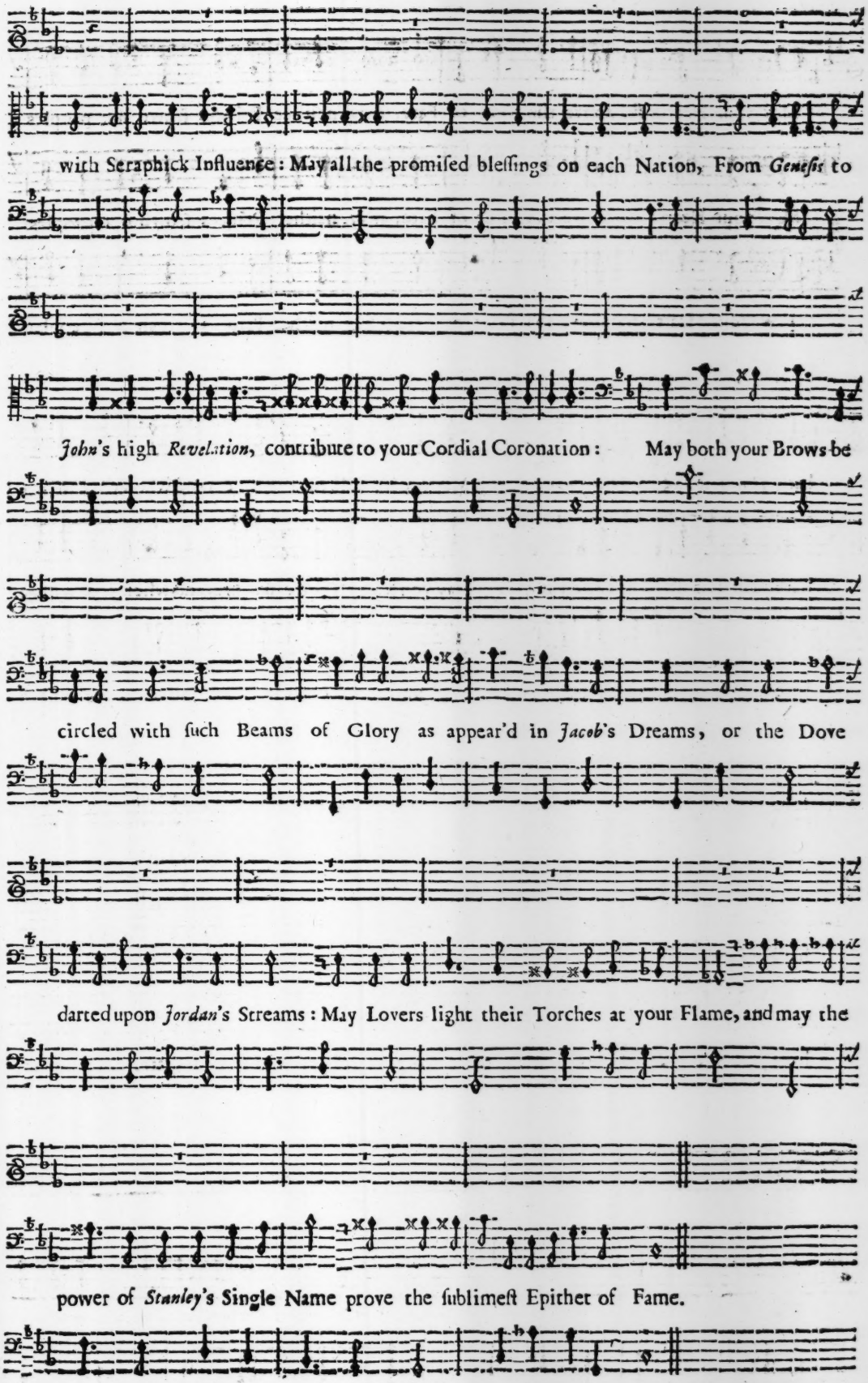

Let *Anachrions* Boul be full, we have
and fill *Ben. Johnſon's* Scul; we have
Who approv'd of *Apollo's* Wine, we have
liberty to drink, to nod, or to mine, we have
liberty to drink, wink, to thine, we have
liberty to drink, or think, to his, we have
liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.
liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.
liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.

An EPITHALAMIUM

On the Nuptials of THOMAS STANLEY Eſquire;

And the Lady DOROTHY ENION.

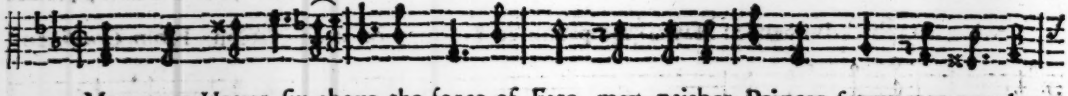



with Seraphick Influence: May all the promiſed bleſſings on each Nation, From *Geneſis* to
John's high *Revelation*, contribute to your Cordial Coronation: May both your Brows be
circled with ſuch Beams of Glory as appear'd in *Jacob*'s Dreams, or the Dove
darted upon *Jordan*'s Streams: May Lovers light their Torches at your Flame, and may the
power of *Stanley*'s Single Name prove the ſublimeſt Epithet of Fame.

Chorus.



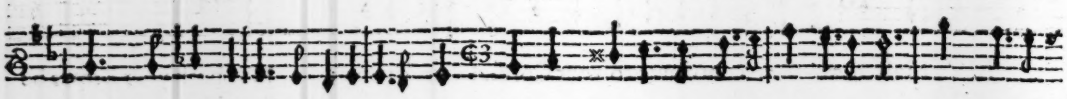
May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples



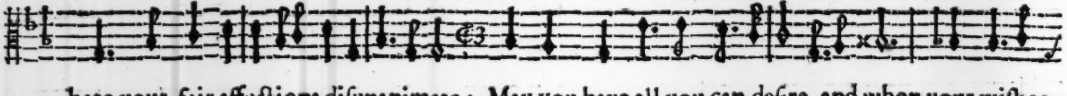
May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples



May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples
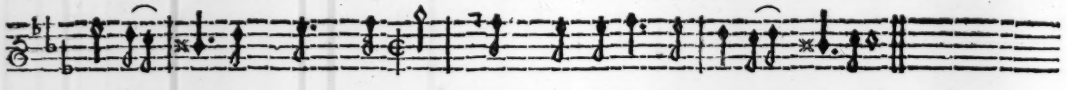


hate your fair affections diſunanimate; May you have all you can deſire, and when your wiſhes



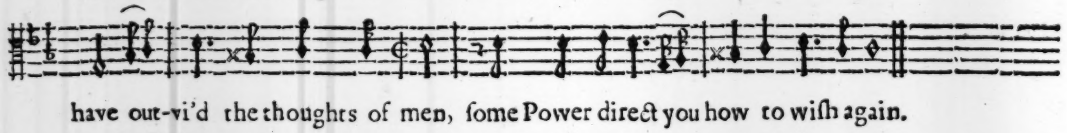
hate your fair affections diſunanimate; May you have all you can deſire, and when your wiſhes



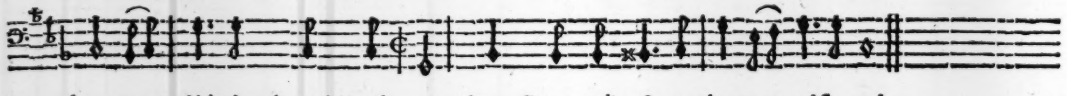
hate your fair affections diſunanimate; May you have all you can deſire, and when your wiſhes



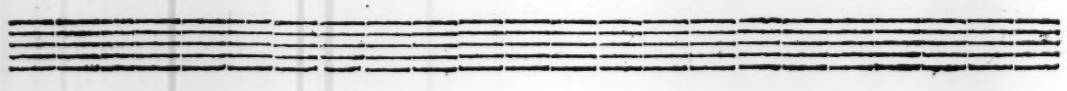
have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, ſome Power direct you how to wiſh again.

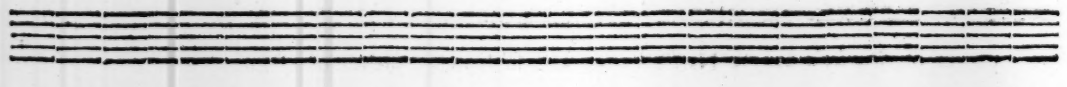


have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, ſome Power direct you how to wiſh again.



have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, ſome Power direct you how to wiſh again.





Juno.

Ove ſent thee *Paris* what is mine; Be ſafely bold, and for this Trifle I'le reſign a
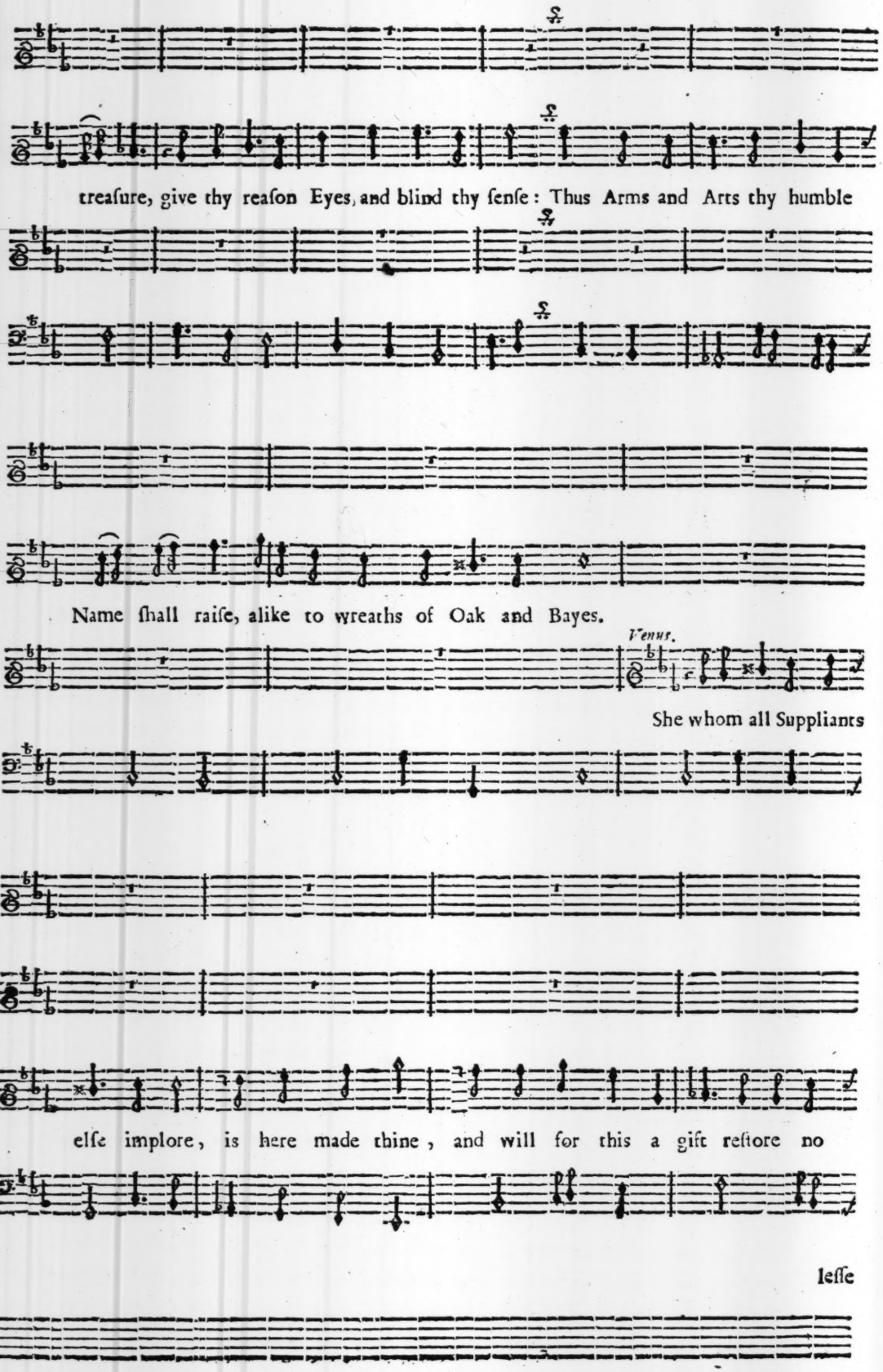
wreath of Gold; Obey then, and command; thou canſt not be juſt to thy
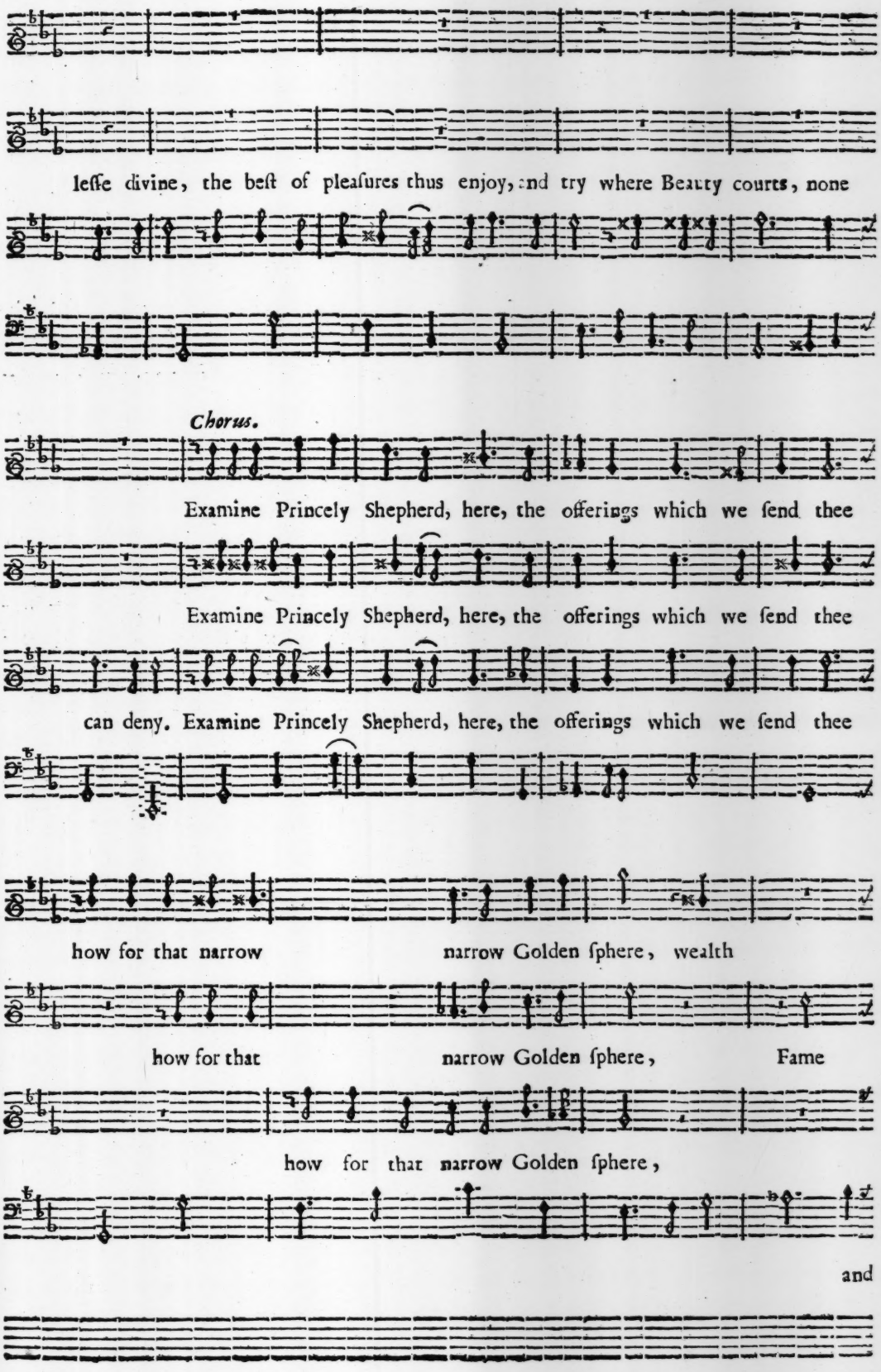
ſelf if not to me;

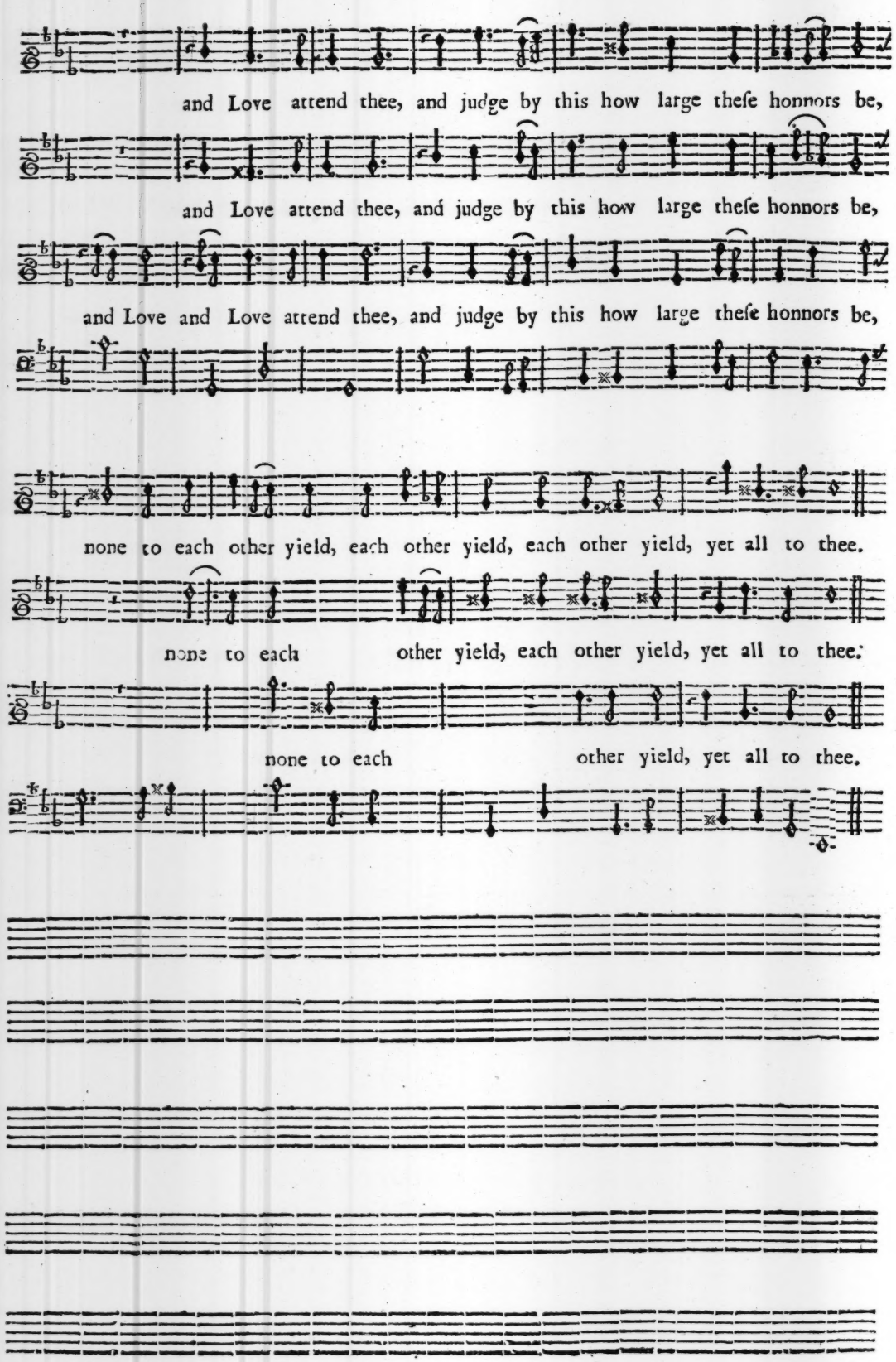
Minerva.

Twice happy in thy choice, be wiſe, e're thou diſpenſe this

treaſure


treaſure, give thy reaſon Eyes, and blind thy ſenſe: Thus Arms and Arts thy humble
Name ſhall raiſe, alike to wreaths of Oak and Bayes.
Venus.
She whom all Suppliants
elſe implore, is here made thine, and will for this a gift reſtore no
Ieſſe


leſſe divine, the beſt of pleaſures thus enjoy, and try where Beauty courts, none
Chorus.
Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee
Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee
can deny. Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee
how for that narrow narrow Golden ſphere, wealth
how for that narrow Golden ſphere, Fame
how for that narrow Golden ſphere,
and


and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large theſe honnors be,
and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large theſe honnors be,
and Love and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large theſe honnors be,
none to each other yield, each other yield, each other yield, yet all to thee.
none to each other yield, each other yield, yet all to thee.
none to each other yield, yet all to thee.

An Alphabetical Table of all the ſeveral AYRES and DIALOGUES contained in this Book.

I. Table of Through Set Songs.

BEauty and Love once fell at ods 42,43
Ceaſe warring thoughts 9
Help Love, or elſe I ſink 2
I am no priſ'ner ſure, nor can it be 6
Love? No. I am not ſuch a Foe 3
Love ſtill a Child a Bee perſues 8
O Cloris! *'twas unkindly done* 5
Short as this Hour 10
Who would not think theſe riſing Beams 1
Oſtella, *Heark how ſweetly* 61

II. Table of Single Songs.

As Plutarch *doth write* 30,31
Believe me Love by thoſe fair eyes 25
Bring us up ſome Sack 15
Beauty pleaſeth moſt the fancy 44
Cloris *forbear a while* 12
Come let us drink away the time 46
Diſputes daily ariſe, 41
Have you obſerv'd the Hermit 13
Hang the Presbyters Gill 28
How Deareſt art thou weary of 33
I'le ſwear they lie, who ſwear they love 18
I would not wed the creature that deſires 34
If thou intend'ſt only to try 39
Know my dear Idol, Cloris 14
Know Deareſt, 'twas no eaſie Art 38
Let whyning Lovers magnifie 20
Love, love, I fly thy power and thee 23
Love in diſguiſe the other day 24
Miſtake me not, I am not of that mind 17
Nay, prethee, do be coy and ſlight me 16
Ne'r trouble thyſelf with the times 32
Phelicia *ſince that I find thee* 27
Phelinia *wept and from her Eyes* 29
The Morning doth waſt to the Meddowes 11
Thine Eyes ſhall be my Stars no more 34
The day that's loſt e're ſcarcely ſhewn 35
'Tis true I did receive a life from you 36
Unfold thine Arms and let me go 59
Were Celia *but as chaſt as fair* 70
When firſt before Roſella's *face I lay* 19

III. Table of Single Songs.

What will become of mee 21
Welcome my Heart thou'ſt fondly ſtray'd 22
What a pox doſt thou muſe on 26
What Creatures on Earth 36
When thou Oſtella *grac'd mee* 37
Who can boaſt a happineſs 40
What though I did ſwear your Eye 40
When the Unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas 45
What end hath deſires 47

IV. Table of Songs for Two Voyces, with a Through *Baſe.*

Joyn thy enamel'd Cheek to mine 48,49
If Wealth could keep a Man alive 60
There's no Man ſo worthy of Envy 50,51
Why art thou ſad Our Glaſſes flow 58,59

V. Table of *Dialogues* for Two Voyces, with a Through *Baſe.*

Come ye Graces come away 56,57
Dear Caſtadoris *let me riſe* 62,63
Fly, fly, good Shepherd haſt away 64,65
Tell me Alexis *what this parting is* 53,54,55,56
You have forgot then Doris *your proteſt* 52
When Death ſhall part us from their Kidds 66,67, 68,69.
What Buſy Cares untimely-borne 60

VI. Table of Songs for Three Voyces, with a Through *Baſe.*

It's the News of the Town 63
Jove *ſent thee* Paris *what is mine* 65
Roſe-buds that's gather'd in the Spring 61
So at the firſt the Soul and Body met 64
You Ladies of the Nation 62

FINIS.